

THE  
SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1873.

MR. CARINGTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRINCE'S SLANDER.

*Alouette.* They say, papa, Princes sometimes are scandalous . .  
Do wickedness, say wickedness.

*Astrologos.* Believe it not ;  
Those are the dreams of your untutored babyhood.  
Princes are like the stars, which move in rhythmical  
Curves of the infinite cone, above all questionings.

*Alouette.* And yet you ask your questions of the Pleiades,  
The Hyades, Arcturus, Rigel, Sirius.  
What is the use ?

*Astrologos.* Be off to bed, Miss Prateapace.

*The Comedy of Dreams.*

MR. CARINGTON'S conversation with the Earl took place some time after Prince Oistravieff had left Delamere, but before that Russian noble's course of intrigue and ill-luck. The Earl, who received in his private apartment no one except Mr. Carington and Dr. Oliphant, had not been informed of the fracas between the Prince and Frank Noel, or even of the Russian's abrupt departure. Nor had he looked at his letters, being in that torpid state which results from a weakening attack. However, when Carington had left him, after reflecting with peevish admiration on his friend's audacity, he rang his bell, and told Lucy to bring him a heap of letters which lay on the table. Then he dismissed her with a slight nod. The poor child who, with all her frivolity, loved this despotic old aristocrat, went away and felt disposed to cry. She didn't, much to her credit ; for she felt herself surrounded by mystery ; the Earl's grim kindness was less than it had been, and the brilliant presence of Elinor effaced her.

Very few of his letters did Lord Delamere deign to open ; one of them, authenticated by the Oistravieff autography and princely seal, held his attention at once. The Earl, a man not easily taken aback,

was slightly surprised to receive, with a London postmark and a Bond Street address, a letter from a man whom he had supposed to be under his own roof. Its contents even more surprised him.

Oistravieff, driven from Delamere for fear of Frank Noel, had (as we know) jumped from the frying pan into the fire. But it is the nature of this kind of inferior animal to sting under all difficulties ; and this letter from the fugitive Russian contained its acupuncture. It was delicately written ; the thinnest veneer has the most glistening polish. Your dull rough oak, which hath no surface worth mentioning, cannot be worked into such condition.

The Earl swore a soliloquy as he read Oistravieff's letter. The Prince (with whom he had intimate liaisons not requisite to be here mentioned) put in a very graceful way the insult which he had received from a person of low birth, whom he had accused (on sufficient evidence) of cohabiting with a young woman then at Delamere. Nothing could give him greater annoyance than to be engaged in a dispute in a friend's house ; therefore he left at once, trusting the Earl would consider he had done the best thing, since he would not trouble his friend, during his illness. The quarrel between himself and this young Englishman (evidently a person unused to the society of gentlemen) was caused by an inadvertent remark—he had supposed Mr. Noel to be married to a lady whom he met in his company, as the servants and the people of the hotel had noticed that they slept in the same room. It was of course no affair of his ; but, finding the lady and gentleman together at Delamere, he naturally made the mistake. Mr. Noel had behaved with much insolence ; and as the Earl was ill the Prince thought it best to return to London for a time—especially as he had important affairs to transact for his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

The fiery Earl broke out like a sky-rocket. He rang his bell fiercely, he wanted to see everybody,—especially did he want to see Carington. He had to wait ; that imperturbable gentleman had induced Elinor and Frank and Rupert to ride with him to a famous Force, now reported unusually frozen.

It was indeed a grand scene. They forced their mountain ponies up the ascent, and heard the great ghyll thundering down, shaking the pine wood. Suddenly they reached the chief fall. Here Force was fighting Frost. Here winter that could appal the barometer was vainly striving to battle the onset of water descending by the law of gravitation. Two powers of nature seemed at issue. Professors Huxley and Tyndall should have trodden the platform of grass, snow-carpeted, beneath that wondrous leap of water. The snow had finished, leaving sunshine behind. The nymph Iris made game of the descending spray, leaving her seven colours upon it. As Force brought down the water, Frost caught what best he could of it ; a million dots of spray became iciclets—a great descent of water became

an enormous stalactite of ice. Yet all was vain. On came the inexhaustible water, maddened by delay, leaping the more wildly for resistance. That one power which outdoes all others—the central power of the world—bore it forward with a speed beyond hindrance. Step after step—steps made for Titans—the fierce Force fell toward the irresistible sea ; meanwhile Frost caught what it could—tiny spherules of icy-spray that a lady might wear on her lace, and huge masses of frozen water like to the club of Herakles the demi-god—and retained them for the moment. It was like the eternal battle between God and Fate.

"Ah," said Elinor, her speech scarce audible from breath supprest, "this is wonderful, beautiful. I do so thank you for bringing me here, Mr. Carington. Isn't it lovely, Frank?"

She turned to that gentleman, who looked delighted—as of course he ought.

"You might just as well have said, 'Isn't it lovely, Rupert?'" says that other erotic young fellow.

Elinor laughed as gaily as the sunlight on the waterfall. Mr. Carington, with happy privilege of age, tapped her pretty cheek and said,—

"You asked the wrong question, my child."

"Did I?" she said. "How dreadful! what ought I to have asked?"

"*Am I not lovely?*" of course, responded Mr. Carington.

Either Elinor blushed or the sunset that touched her cheek grew ruddier than its wont.

They had a pleasant ride back to the Great Hall of Delamere. By this time it was late and dark in the short winter afternoon. Rupert Fitz-Rupert lifted Elinor from her pony ; when she descended, after shaking off a few snow flakes, she intoxicated both her cavaliers. I think Frank was most in love, for he was slowest and sulkiest. Fitz said lots of lively things. Frank didn't. As to Miss Elinor, perhaps she thought more of the sulks than the liveliness. I don't know. Women like sometimes to put a man in a bad temper. As to Mr. Carington, he said gaily to Elinor,—

"Go dress, my child. Each languid swell  
Is longing for his dinner belle."

Hardly time was there to do more than dress ; but Mr. Carington found a servant waiting to say the Earl particularly desired to see him. So he walked on to Lord Delamere's apartment. The Earl, who had been suppressing his fury with much difficulty, would have broken out like Vesuvius with any man save Carington, but Carington's impenetrable ice was too much for the fiercest of his acquaintances. All the Earl could do, his voice choked by passion, was to

throw on the table a letter (he was sitting in an easy chair) and to exclaim,—

"Look at that!"

Mr. Carington looked—I fear he read the letter three or four times over, partly in amusement, partly to try the Earl's patience. Just as that quality began to be exhausted, he said,—

"Ah! Oistravieff."

"You see what he says: he can't well be wrong," said the Earl.

"He is a greater liar than any Russian I ever knew," said Mr. Carington, "and they are difficult to beat. The French may do it," he went on, reflectively. "A Nicholas or a Napoleon? I don't know."

"Confound it, Carington," cried the Earl, "you are playing with me. See what this man says: Prince or not, Russian or not, it can be proved."

"Can it?" says Mr. Carington. "Well, it's a lie all the same. I don't quite see that scoundrel's reason for telling the lie, except for the pleasure it gives him, but we'll soon sift it. 'Gad, Delamere, I've heard this before: he had impudence enough to say it before Frank Noel, and the result as to his nose is . . . well I fear *'The Noes have it.'*"

The Earl laughed, he couldn't help it, but the Earl sorely wanted an excuse for doing what he knew wrong; so he pursued, —

"Oistravieff can have no reason for lying in the matter. Your friend's attack upon his nose is just what you or I would have made in our hot youth if any man had dared to say we slept where we ought not. Carington, you grow weak as you grow old. You forget that not only will young men be young men, but also that young women will be young women. You can't believe anything against these two pets of yours."

"I have known them both from childhood," says Mr. Carington.

"Good Lord, my dear fellow, so have I you. Train up a child in the way he should go, and he'll go to a child of the opposite sex. You've kept me some time waiting for a fight, so my fury is iced——"

"So am I," interrupted Mr. Carington. "I like you in your iced waterfall state. Now come; don't let old friends quarrel. I begin to guess why Oistravieff lied, and I know how to make the liar tell truth. But of that let us say no more; you are well enough to dine in Hall to-day; it will do you good to come down among the young folk, and judge them for yourself—and how delighted they'll be to see you!"

With Carington (as indeed with all true masters of the Art Persuasive) words were a mere tithe of his influence. Gods! Could I put him on paper! the eye variable as the sea, the mouth fit for kiss or epigram, the fluent grace of movement, the delicate flexible hand that was ready for rapier or rapture—you couldn't resist him;



at any rate, the Earl, who was out of temper, and who was anxious to believe a lie, found him resistless.

"Well," he said, "I will do what you ask me, Carington. The result may be neither to your satisfaction nor mine. Still——"

"No results ever are to anybody's satisfaction. I must go and dress. If you'll do me a second smaller favour, let Lucy dine with us."

The Earl for a moment hesitated.

"Very well," he said. "I will give her the orders."

"Upon my honour," thought Mr. Carington to himself, as he traversed the warm, bright corridor to his own apartment, "I think old Charley Delamere's the oddest fish I ever met. I suppose the oddest thing about him is that he never quarrels with me, though I never see him without provoking a quarrel. Well, we shall have him in Hall presently—and the two little girls—and the boys. I hope the dinner is good—Rachette seldom fails."

Rachette did not fail this time. From the salad of red Java fish which began the dinner, to the appropriate apple snowballs that ended it, everything was done with perfect art. The dinner was served on an elliptic table, in the cosiest and brightest corner of the Great Hall. The Earl and Mr. Carington faced each other, and by the alternation of sex Lord Delamere had Elinor on his right and Fitz Rupert on his left. Lucy sat between Fitz and Mr. Carington—a sylph in the snowiest muslin, looking as if she had risen like an exhalation from the waterfall. Elinor was not dissatisfied to have Frank near her: in a sea-green silk fringed with foam of lace she was as much like a mermaid as is possible for any creature who has legs beneath the petticoat. Mr. Carington, lover of little comedies, was much amused by these two girls and two boys. Frank was hit sharp, clearly—Rupert was ready to fall in love, but could not make out the difference between Lucy and Elinor. The Earl, rallied by a plate of Rachette's famous Delamere game soup (essence of black cock and ptarmigan) and a glass of his favourite old Sercial that had been round the world oftener than Captain Cook, became an appreciative spectator.

"I am glad to get you out of your den into the Great Hall, Delamere," said Mr. Carington. "One has something the matter, and then gets the habit of being ill. You are well enough to be Prime Minister, if you liked."

"If I were too weak for that post," said the Earl, "I should order my funeral at once. No politics for me, thank you. No; when a man reaches my age he has passed beyond the first two delights of life—but the third is still left him."

"What are those first delights, my lord?" asked Rupert Fitz-Rupert.

"You need not ask, for you are the very man to know by insight,"

said Lord Delamere. "You have a fist that could floor a foe and a lip that could kiss a lady—War and Love, Mr. Fitz-Rupert. Are they enough for your hot youth?"

The girls blushed. Mr. Carington laughed, and said,—

"I was wise to persuade you to come among us to-night, Delamere. You are in your old form. You will be well to-morrow, and can tell Oliphant to go to the deuce."

"No, indeed," said the Earl. "Let him cure me, ere he goes to physic that black gentleman you name so irreverently. I'd have asked the doctor to dine with us, had I known I could eat a dinner in company."

"You can do a deal more than that," said Mr. Carington. "With a slight effort, you can shame us young fellows."

"You have not told us the third delight of life—that which lasts, Lord Delamere," said Frank Noel.

"These boys, Carington! They make one lecture till one tires of one's own prosiness. War and Love—both delights, both horrors. So is the third, the old man's resource, *Thought*. Sometimes to think is pleasant—but *sometimes!* The Past a remorse, the Present a bore, the Future a fear."

"Braithwaite," said Mr. Carington to the antique butler, "give the Earl some dry Sillery. Such cynicisms, my dear Delamere, must be treated medicinally. If the Past is regret, may not the Present be love, and the Future hope? Come, don't let trivial things annoy you. I am with you that *Thought* is the great solace when Love and War are impossible. If there is another world——"

"If!" interrupted Frank Noel.

"Frank, I beg your pardon.—I assure you I merely used the word politely, so as not to shock the prejudices of the numerous ladies and gentlemen who prefer annihilation. I never argue—I never trouble people with my creed. If a gentleman tells me his great-grandfather was a monkey I may be surprised at such curious genealogical pride, but I am too ignorant to contradict him, and I hope too polite. Indeed I am pleased to find that modern enlightenment is making men humble, and that they are perfectly fierce if you deny their descent from the ourang outang, or suggest that their souls may be immortal."

"What a boy you are, Carington!" said the Earl, "I can believe *your* soul to be immortal. Indeed, when one sees the easy, elastic, indefatigable movement of certain human spirits, the question is settled. I know what just now you were going to say, when our young friend interrupted you as to that portentous *IF*. I always think it the rascalliest word in the language. Now let us have a wager, Carington. These two boys shall each write something on the word *IF*—or these two girls shall sing their rhymes, throwing dice for choice and making their own melody—and you and I will decide who is winner, and I'll give her a diamond ring."

"My dear Lord Delamere," said Rupert Fitz-Rupert, "I never made a verse in my life that anybody could scan. I am pachydermatous: I owe that good fortune to being unable to discover the difference between a dactyl and an anapaest."

"You can write rhyme, I'll swear," said Mr. Carington—"you remember the old Wintonian rhyme:

'From head to foot the anapaest's a girl:  
The dactyl from fair foot to flowing curl.'"

"We must have our nonsense," said Frank Noel. "There is no resisting Lord Delamere and Mr. Carington. But will these young ladies, who I declare have hardly said a word to-night, help us with music?"

"I suppose we must," said the lady in white, who was clearly quite ready.

"I will try not to be very stupid," said the lady in green.

That night the Great Hall awoke. The Earl had not felt so gay and brilliant for years. Mr. Carington kept him up to the mark. Mr. Carington held the theory that if men would work their minds as they ought, there would not be half the diseases of life. We are too torpid: that's his theory. If we work it's to get money merely: the work a man enjoys is of another sort. Carington was once heard to say that a fellow who passed his time in attempting to seduce other men's wives was more moral and intellectual than a stockbroker. The Earl of Delamere enjoyed his evening. The noble Hall was pleasantly alight. A dinner table is lost in one niche of it; a billiard table in another; a group of musical materials in a third. It is the sort of room in which no man has a right to be less than six feet high: the ladies I leave to their own dainty devices. They may be as small as Titania, who can tread upon one's palm, or as tall as Aphrodite, who could treat Achilles the indomitable as if he were a baby. In an immense hall a dot of a woman looks fairy like, a woman of grand build looks as if it were her natural home.

I think Lord Delamere took things too pleasantly to quite decide what he desired to decide. He had, as we know, that foul slander of Oistravieff's in his mind. The Prince lied—a thing which has happened to more Princes than one. Delamere, after illness, suddenly getting a pleasant time, did not investigate the question that had brought him into the Hall. He enjoyed his evening too much. Perhaps it was just as well.

It was quite a little comedy between the girl in white and the girl in green—not to mention Frank and Rupert. The girls were puzzled by each other. Lucy was as much perplexed by having to sit down on equal terms with Elinor as Elinor by having opposite a girl whom she had regarded as a waitress. There was a difference between them. One was lady, pure and simple,—the other was

actress by necessity. The lady saw through the actress first. It is always so.

But, thanks chiefly to Elinor, who was never shy nor ever patronizing, they managed to become very good friends. And then it was a question about the poetic tournament announced by the Earl.

"You must try it," said Mr. Carington to both boys and girls. "I want him to be in good health and good humour. This is the way."

So they obeyed, like good children. And the dice were thrown. And Rupert, throwing eleven to Frank's seven, chose Lucy. And thus he rhymed:—

IF.

If only, only, only

I had my heart's delight!

But you see she leaves me lonely

To-night—

Each night.

I hope she dreams about me,

That pretty girl in white!

What can she do without me

To-night?

Each night?

The Earl of Delamere laughed as Lucy unblushingly sung this to some improvised or adapted air. He was quite gay. Mr. Carington wanted to make him cheerful, knowing his curious temperament.

"Any more *i/s*?" asks the Earl.

Obedient Elinor fluttered her green about her and sat down to the piano, not half so self-possessed as little Lucy. There is frivolous force in one class of women: prevalent power in another. The words which Frank Noel had found for Elinor fairly suited a great melody by a great Master.

IF.

IF. 'Tis the word of weakness, not of power.

Blow it away with a contemptuous whiff,

No man deserves to live another hour

Who uses IF.

Into the battle! Let the strife be hot!

Drive down the foe and leave them stark and stiff!

There may be agony in many a spot,

But never IF.

Meet your own darling, wheresoever is

The tryst, in woodland dense, on breezy cliff,

And she will give you—well, perhaps a kiss?—

But not an IF.

"I shall await to-morrow to decide," said the Earl, laughing—"You must help me, Carington."

## CHAPTER XIX.

ELINOR AND LUCY.

*Astrolagos.* The petty parallelograms of life  
 Spoil it : the terrible right angle tyrannises.  
 We shrink from curves. Look at our doors and windows,  
 And small straight ugly garden-plots. I wonder  
 The curves of trees and girls are not abolished.

*Alouette.* Papa, I dreamt they had abolished slates . . .  
 Those dreadful things I have to do my sums upon :  
 Those *must* be parallelograms.

*The Comedy of Dreams.*

Snow still. The Earl, on the day after this little dinner-party, was scarcely so well as usual. In his complex ailment there was a touch of gout, and the acid in his blood produced parallel acid of temper ; the Earl shut himself up, sent Lucy Walter away crying, and would have been decidedly uncivil to Carington had he not known his old friend's keen style of reply. Rupert and Frank went off for a long tramp in the snow ; Elinor and Lucy got into comfortable chat in the Great Hall, being thereto encouraged by Mr. Carington, who had his reasons. He hinted quietly to Elinor that it would do no harm if she grew conversational with Lucy ; she obeyed her adviser.

Meanwhile, when the young men started, without any special idea, save that of defying and enjoying winter, Frank took from his pocket a map of the district, and said :

"Suppose we walk into Scotland : 'tis only about a dozen miles."

"Capital notion," said Rupert. "We'll make sure of whisky and cigars first, in case of accident. It is rather wild country, I fancy."

They looked to their flasks and cases, whistled for followers a whole troop of greyhounds, and started gaily through the snow.

Although good friends enough, Rupert and Frank were not confidential. Frank thought himself in love with Elinor, Rupert with Elinor and Lucy likewise, so they most carefully avoided all reference to the two girls, and found abundant themes of conversation in the depth of the snow, the dulness of the road, the quality of their cigars, and so forth.

In my young days I have made many a tramp of many a mile through all weathers, from hottest sun to deepest snow. I have had comrades of many kinds : your road-fellow is almost as hard to choose as your bed-fellow. I have always sought adventures, and usually found them ; I am ready for the old game again . . . to go forth with little gold and much gaiety ; insatiably athirst for the glory and the honour of the world. O they are inexhaustible. There is more beauty than I can ever estimate in that medlar tree, which, as I write, turns to colours for which no names can be coined. Turner

could not paint that tree. Shakespeare could not thoroughly reflect the characters whom I may meet at the village shop, or the village inn.

It was a good twelve miles over the Scottish border. The English invaders were tired when they reached a quaint hamlet just across, for walking in deep snow is not facile; even the greyhounds had begun to scamper less merrily. Frank and Rupert found themselves in a quaint little hamlet of a dozen houses or so; there was one inn—*The Old Smithy*—which had pleasant firelight coming through its casements on the snow.

"Let us eat and drink," exclaimed Rupert Fitz-Rupert; "here is a haven of rest. Are we in Scotland, landlord or blacksmith?"

The question was put to a burly fellow in smith's attire who stood at the inn door, his grimy face lighted with a humorous laugh, like the flicker of his forge fire.

"Both, your honour, and parson too," he said. "What can we do for you this cold day? Any ladies coming? There's nice quiet rooms."

"He thinks we're in a hurry to be married," says Frank, "whereas we are only in a hurry to eat and drink. Give us a wedding breakfast without the women, old boy."

"For gentlemen who have walked through the snow without meeting ladies," said Mulciber, gravely, "I think something warm should be prepared; I can devil you thighs of turkeys; I can supply steaks from the black ox of Scotland; I can brew you whisky punch from my remote forefathers' receipt, and will take my oath the whisky has never paid duty."

"I think, Noel," said Fitz, languidly . . . he had thrown himself into a chair, and was looking amazed at this blacksmith Boniface. . . . "I think we had better let him get us what he likes; else he will either talk us to death or marry us . . . anything matrimonial may happen in Scotland."

"All right," said Noel, "get us everything and be quick. Turkey, steak, punch, anything you like. Off with you!"

"You are a young gentleman of much promptitude," said the fellow as he left.

"By Jove, Noel, that man is fatiguing," said Fitz.

"Fancy how many people he must have fatigued in his time," replied Frank. "He is evidently one of the high priests of the fugitives. What a pity there are no womankind about that we might hoax him."

"For heaven's sake try no hoaxes of that sort in Scotland," says Fitz-Rupert. "Why, in this happy country you are married to a woman if you happen to see one another in a looking-glass. I wish I was across the border again; I shall lose my liberty, and be a perpetual polygamist."

"Pooh," says Frank. "Here comes the devilled turkey."

Which it did, borne by a Scottish lassie of eighteen or so, yellow-haired, strong as a lioness, who might have been pleasant to regard, if ever she had been washed; she was nearly six feet high, her stalwart red arms were bare, so indeed were her stalwart red legs, for her petticoat only just touched the knee, and she went entirely bare-foot. I fear that if the devilled turkey had not been so appetizing, our two young Englishmen might have blushed. No reason—Jean was not ashamed of her shapely legs; she was as good a girl as ever stepped, and her real primitive innocence might almost excuse her ignorance of soap and water.

The boys made an excellent meal, and drank quite whisky punch enough to prepare them for their journey homewards. On that journey they had jolly talk, having warmed into each other's ways, and got pleasant together. Still, while they made great fun of the sacerdotal blacksmith and his handmaiden, sparse and seldom was there mention of Miss Lucy and Miss Elinor.

To those young ladies let us return. They were together the greater part of the day. The Earl was morose, and did not want his attendant. Mr. Carington was in his own apartment on that capital country-house excuse—*writing letters*. Any one who could have peeped into his private quarters would have seen him reading the *Epistles* of Horace, his favourite study. It was the sole topic on which he bored his friends a little.

"Latin that's perfect, sir," he was wont to say, when the hours wore to brevity, "and wit that's good, and Epicurus in his happiest mood, and just a weakness for his scented curls, and just a little love for little girls . . . that is my Horace. He's no giant, but the loveliest poet born in Lilliput."

Tall Elinor and sparkling little Lucy took some little time to understand each other, in fact, it may safely be said, that they did not do it to the last; however, they grew civil and chattative. The Great Hall was dark and dull enough, with snow outside, and no occupants except these two girls. Girls take such a time to understand each other; they have such odd antipathies. The male sex are perfectly logical; you may hear a fellow say:

"I hate old What's-his-name; he's so devilish good-looking, confound him!"

You would never hear a girl say anything of that sort, if you lived into the twentieth century; no girl ever hated another girl . . . or thought her good-looking.

It was some time before Elinor and Lucy got into any affinity, though the former was loyally anxious to do the orders of her adviser. When they did talk a little in that immense old hall, darkened by the snow, it was, perhaps, not a very sincere talk; indeed, how could it be? Neither knew why the other was there; neither knew why



herself was there. The lives of both had been enigmas. That there was reason for hostility between them seemed obvious; but little Lucy, with all her pertness, was no fighting minx, and Elinor was as far above such ideas as Athene herself. Now for a fragment of their talk.

*Elinor.* What a noble old hall this is! Couldn't we get up glorious Christmas revels here?

*Lucy.* Ah, yes: but who would come to help us? I think you could play Robin Hood very well, and I would be Maid Marian. What a splendid Little John Mr. Noel would make!

*Elinor.* He is rather tall. Mr. Fitz-Rupert would do capitally for Friar Tuck if he were well padded.

*Lucy.* O, what a shame! But what are we to do with Mr. Carington?

*Elinor.* That certainly is a difficulty. If we really were going to do it, we should be puzzled.—By the way, who was the king at that time? I never could learn those things: Mr. Carington would make a lovely king.

*Lucy.* Wouldn't he? Few people are as fit to be kings as he is. Only there is the Earl, you know.

*Elinor.* O, he ought to be an emperor, a kind of Julius Cæsar or something of that sort. I never knew anybody like him.

*Lucy* (after a pause). How long do you think of staying here? I am afraid you will find it dull.

*Elinor.* O, no, I am never dull anywhere. As to staying, I don't know, it depends on whether Lord Delamere gets tired of me and sends me away.

*Lucy.* You hardly see enough of him to tire him.

*Elinor.* No, indeed: and after all I was only joking. I came here by accident and shall go away by accident. I am thoroughly weary of it.

*Lucy.* O don't go yet!

How pathetically she said it! Yet I verily think that little Lucy would have given not only her pretty ears (like pink shells—this comparison is copyright) but also the earrings wherewith she figured ears really pretty to see, if Elinor would have gone away at once. Fancy Lucy with Frank and Rupert to play with. What a comedietta! Now it was difficult to play comedietta in Elinor's presence. Her purity was dignity.

The two girls were pretty much together this day, for the Earl had one of his solitary moods, and Mr. Carington went in for his Horace, wishing them to see something of each other. Carington knew the secret. He thought that in time to come it might be well for them to have friendly relations. How far his judgment was accurate the sequel of this story must show.

The Earl did not dine in the Great Hall this day. He was tired.



It looked very much as if Mr. Carington would have had to be sole entertainer of the two girls, Lucy at his desire having been made a permanent member of the party. Just before dinner was served, however, there was tremendous barking of dogs, and in came Frank and Rupert, who had walked back from Scotland, tearing themselves away from the whisky-punch and the red-legged lassie. They got themselves hastily into presentable order, and did not render Rachette very fierce. But the dinner flagged slightly: the boys were tired with their walk; the girls were tired of each other; Mr. Carington was tired of the whole affair, and heartily wished himself on "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

Rachette was the genius of the occasion.

Profanely wrote David Garrick,—

"God sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks."

It is a great mistake. There are times when the cook is master of the world. He may give a great general an indigestion on the eve of a battle. He may alter the course of empire by a *soufflet à la Bismarck* or a *désétablissement à la Gladstone*. A dinner is a poem: these five, who were rather weary and disgusted, felt the influence of Rachette's genius: his culinary epigrams inspired Mr. Carington; his dainty delicacies were as delicious to the girls as the first white violets of Spring, those charming lodgers in a lovely bosom; his grand fillets of beef and puddings of woodcock revived the energy of the young gentlemen who had tired themselves by walking into Scotland. Every one awoke, as they got what suited them. Rachette could create a dinner—and could create an appetite. There was a general gaiety by the time they reached the dessert—which itself was an idyl.

"I feel better," quoth Frank, after a mighty gulp of the Earl's Lafitte. "I begin to believe that dinner is a great institution."

"With such a cook as Monsieur Rachette," said Mr. Carington, "and such wine as my friend Delamere has in store. O, yes: even the ladies agree with you as they destroy those pretty pyramids of fruit, and drink that luscious Tokay. Archer," he went on, turning to the butler, "ask Monsieur Rachette if he will kindly come in for a moment."

Rachette came . . . a Frenchman of small stature and delicate hands, with a humorous mouth and the whitest apron in the world. Those five fingers of his, which had instinct for admixture of eatable substances, were also good at caricature. If Rachette had not been Lord Delamere's cook, he would have been a comic artist or a serious surgeon.

"Rachette," said Mr. Carington, "you and I are very old friends—you have given me many a good dinner in London; but to-day I

have had a charming country dinner, and the ladies are delighted with your dainty dishes, and I desire on their part to ask your acceptance of this ring."

He took a diamond from his finger as he spoke. Rachette's acknowledgments, etc., must really be left to the reader's imagination. Oddly enough Elinor, not usually an acute observer, wondered why Carington had done this, remembering that never before had she noticed a ring upon her Adviser's finger. Doubtless Mr. Carington had his reasons. He seldom acted without.

"By Jove," exclaimed Rupert Fitz-Rupert, when Rachette had left, "what a glorious dinner we ought to get to-morrow!"

"Rachette could not cook a bad dinner," said Mr. Carington.

After this, eventide grew pleasant. The boys told their adventures, exaggerating here and there for artists' reasons. The girls sang. Billiard balls were rolled about. There succeeded general gaiety to the slight sulkiness wherewith dinner had commenced. By-and-by, somehow or other, converse turned on the rare manuscripts in the Delamere library, and Mr. Carington mentioned one, superbly illuminated, which appeared to belong to the twelfth century. Lucy proposed to fetch it, and tripped off for that purpose.

"A big book for a little girl to carry," said Mr. Carington, as he took it from her. A fine vellum folio was it, with gold clasps much worn. The title was—

"THE PRINCESS AND THE MINSTREL."

The capital letters of each stanza (a stanza of eight always) had glorious colour, quaint humour, sometimes a touch of true poetry. Thus it began . . . turning old English to new :

"There was a Princess long ago  
And proud were all the free folk of her,  
And much they longed that a Lover  
Of knightly birth, should come to blow  
Away her fair white maiden snow.  
But no such knight could they discover,  
All were beneath her : none above her.  
Was there her equal ? No, no, no."

Mr. Carington laid the book down on the table, and they studied its antique characters and curious graphic touches.

"Those old artists of the monasteries could paint," he said. "Look at that tomtit, blue and gold, hanging feet upward to an over-ripe apple. The old monk that sketched that had seen it many a time."

"Ah ! and that cat watching the pigeons," exclaimed Lucy. "You can see she only pretends to be asleep. How wonderfully green her eye is made . . . just the little you see of it."

"But the girl lying in bed, with a bird singing on the sill of the open window, is delightful," said Elinor. "I wish I could read old English. I am sure it must be a charming story. I should like to be that pretty girl asleep."

"Should you?" said Mr. Carington. "Well, the story is charming, and I wish you girls would insist on the boys doing it into modern English for you. That pretty girl asleep is a princess: night after night a nightingale comes and sings to her some mysterious verse: she vows she will marry nobody except the author of that verse. So far have I gone with much difficulty; if Frank and Fitz would decipher the rest of the poem, I should be almost as grateful to them as I am to Rachette. The last bit of illumination is mournful enough."

He was right. The Princess of the poem in sea-green silk was a sobbing heap on a couch, while a tall old person with long white hair and black velvet apparel walked away from her.

"Poor green Princess!" says Elinor.

"This is better than *Punch*," says Fitz-Rupert.

Just then came a message from the Earl to say he should like to see Mr. Carington.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE PRINCESS OISTRAVIEFF.

"A serf may be the prettiest of Princesses:  
A Prince the most contemptible of slaves."

Two things astonished London . . . London proper, I mean, which lies within a half-mile radius of Saint James's clock. One was the disappearance of Prince Oistravieff, who filled some space in the world, and was regarded as a marriageable rascal. The other was the more brilliant appearance of the mysterious pony-driving young lady whom fast journalists had made illustrious as Lily Page. The fast journalists could not keep pace with this brilliant charioteer. She was too dashing for even the greatest master of the lively leader. She puzzled everybody. It could not be discovered where she lived or who she was. But she seemed to wear a lovelier dress and drive a brisker pair of ponies every day. She paraded London on the afternoons like a magic butterfly. People made up parties to see her drive by. There was want of a new sensation. Dr. Going had promised the end of the world, but the day had passed and the world whirled on. An invasion had been threatened, but the plump poultry of Dorking laid their eggs in peace. So Lily Page was the centre figure in London life, and everybody tried to make out the gay enigma.

Evenings saw her often at opera and theatre, always alone, but with a tall stern servant in a rich livery at the door of her box, which servant was Demetrius Brakinska. There was inquiry now-a-day as to where Lily Page might be seen. The theatre she visited was fortunate if her visit was rumoured beforehand, which by some accident was commonly the case. Her wild gray eyes and mighty masses of dark hair falling over wonderful white shoulders made the prettiest actresses jealous . . . and not the actresses only. *Omne quod exit in ess* objects to beauty more remarkable than its own. No. Six looked an uncomfortable woman to marry, but she magnetised all beholders. If she brought people to the opera, she at the same time maddened the *prima donna*, whose highest notes and cleverest acting could not distract public attention from that stage box on the grand tier, where sat a mysterious and beautiful woman, still as a statue from her entry to her egress. Late she commonly came, early she went. A dark green brougham with a pair of thorough bred horses carried her swiftly away, no one knew whither. Few adventurers would have cared to confront that tall bearded Russian who took his place in silence on the box. The driver was Paulovna's brother Ivan, himself a dangerous enemy.

A great many quidnuncs asserted in the Clubs that they knew all about Lily Page, mysteriously shaking empty heads when sounded as to her private residence. There are always lots of men about London whose intrigues are successful, whose victims innumerable. Have we not met them, many a time, when a glass of wine has made them ridiculously guarrulous? Some of them are handsome imbecile young fellows who think themselves old in wisdom: others are bewigged and berouged old fogies who think themselves young and strong. Young fellow and old fogy both had their vague false brag about Lily Page. What mattered it if nobody believed them, so long as they had their hallucinations in peace?

Prince Oistravieff's absence from London caused less talk than his wife's presence, but it began to puzzle his people at the Clarendon, and caused some inquiry at the Russian Embassy. The high authorities there knew well that Oistravieff's was a threatened life; knew well, moreover, that their august master had his reasons for wishing that life to be preserved; were slightly in fear as to what might happen if the Prince was lost to society. The consequence hereof was a private and confidential note sent by special messenger to the Earl of Delamere, whose intimacy with the Prince was well known. This messenger came late at night from Carlisle, and was the cause of Lord Delamere's desiring to speak to Mr. Carington.

So that gentleman left the Great Hall to the boys and girls, who doubtless made excellent use of their time, and found, in the ante-room of the Earl's apartment, a tall fellow in travel-attire with a despatch-box slung over his shoulder, and found the Earl reading over

and over again the Ambassador's letter. He showed it to Mr. Carington at once.

"What can have happened to him, do you think?" said the Earl, when the letter had been perused.

"I should think that you would know more than I, and the Russian Ambassador more than either."

"You don't tell all you know, Carington."

"Not always, certainly," he said, with a laugh. "But are you much concerned about this Prince? I don't care for him myself."

"Well," quoth the Earl, "he is an old acquaintance, and he has told me of his danger, and he has been of some slight use to me. That is all. If they are frightened at the Embassy, as would appear, the thing is evidently awkward. They fancy I might know something about him, and certainly I know one or two of his political and social secrets; but I am quite unable to guess what has now chanced to him."

"It is quite an amusing problem," quoth Mr. Carington, "and very much beyond the reach of the ordinary detective. I think I guess the solution."

"You do?"

"Yes; but I do not care to pledge myself to guesses. I am curious about it. I will run up to London for a couple of days and investigate, if you don't think those two girls and boys will be much in your way when uncontrolled. They are all four very good youngsters, but an older hand is wanted to keep such babies in order."

"Babies!" exclaimed the Earl. "Why they think themselves grown up."

"Everything is a baby under thirty," said Mr. Carington. "Well, what shall I do?"

"Go, if you don't mind. Tell the young people to make themselves at home. Rachette will give them good dinners. I will come into the Hall if I am well enough."

"Right," said Carington. "I shall be off at once. There's just time to catch the last up train. Good-by for a day or two."

When he came into the Great Hall, he was ready for travel. His young friends, who had been flirting pleasantly, were amazed.

"Amuse yourselves in my absence," he said, "and await my return. I am called away for a day or two. Be good children, and perhaps I'll bring you some presents."

He went off quickly. There was just time to catch an up express from Carlisle. The bearer of the diplomatic despatch had four horses and got fast through the snow. It was a dirty, dreary, foggy winter morning when Mr. Carington, who always slept on travel, was landed at Euston; of course there was a fast carriage awaiting the Russian messenger; and Mr. Carington drove straight to the Clarendon and went straight to bed, ordering his bath and breakfast at eleven. The bearer of despatches reported himself at the Russian Embassy,

bringing a letter from the Earl of Delamere; but I do not think the Ambassador's sacred slumbers were disturbed.

Mr. Carington was aware that Prince Oistravieff stayed at the Clarendon; and as it chanced also to be a favourite hotel of his own, there were two good reasons for selecting it. There was a third, which I trust the proprietors will not blame me for betraying, though I sadly fear it no longer exists. John, one of the chief waiters, was the best keeper of secrets and the most garrulous of men. To the outsider he was dumb as the Sphinx; to a true esoteric Londoner (like Mr. Carington) he would tell all he knew—and he knew a good deal. At breakfast this day John brought in the refreshment; Mr. Carington's habits were simple: just a grill and a cup of mocha; with a handful of prawns and a pint of hock to follow.

"Well, John," said Mr. Carington, in that low tone which means confidence, "what has become of Prince Oistravieff? I have only just come to town, but I have already heard he is missing."

"His people are in a dreadful fright, Mr. Carington, sir," said John. "He's been staying here, you know: and though he often used to keep away for ever so long, yet he never seems to have done it so long before. They've got some notion the Prince has been caught hold of by some of those damned conspirator people. . . . begging pardon, Mr. Carington——"

"O, damn them by all means," says Carington, who hated conspirators with that contemptuous hatred which belongs to the English gentleman. "Do you think that is it, John?"

"Well, sir, I don't quite know. I used to notice—you know one can't help noticing things, Mr. Carington, when you've been about the world as long as I have—that the Prince used to be a good deal after a young woman that's rather famous just now. It appeared to me he was very hot about her."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Carington, who was playing with his prawns while ecclesiastic old John played with his napkin. "And pray who is this famous lady? A new wench, eh, John?"

"She's called Miss Lily, sir—Miss Lily Page. They've been writing articles in the papers about her, bless you—and one I'm told was by a member of Parliament—and I think he might have known better."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Carington. "But is she about still, John, or is the Prince with her, somewhere or other?"

"O, she's about, sir; and there's no sign of the Prince. She'll be past these windows in her pony carriage between three and four as sure as fate. Then every evening she goes to an opera or theatre, but always alone."

"Ah," said Mr. Carington, "then look here, John. I shan't go out to-day: I am not at home whoever calls, not even the Russian Embassy people. Send round to Sams's for the newest and stupidest book he's got; say it's for me—you understand?"

"Quite, Mr. Carington."

"Very well. Now let somebody keep watch, so that I may see this girl when she drives by. And find out where she is likely to go this evening, if you possibly can."

"Why I heard," said John, "she would be at Drury Lane, where they are playing something of Shakspeare's. I'm sure I can find out."

"Very good. Find out, and I'll find a guinea. Bring me another pint of hock, and tell your cellarman I like Steinberg when I can get it. And be sure you make Sams send me the very worst novel that has been published this year."

John went on his errand. Mr. Carington got some true Steinberger Cabinet this time. He lounged through the forenoon in his own usual lazy way, when there was nothing to be done. As prompt as lightning, he was also as idle as a pretty woman. Men of this sort are very like dogs: they sleep before the fire for hours, dreaming pleasantly; just whisper "*cat!*" . . . where are they? Off they fly in search of their quarry.

Mr. Carington did not desert his dressing-gown and his sofa, or the novel which John brought him, with the St. James's Street warranty that it was positively the very worst of the season. Next to a very good book he liked a very bad one; middling work he hated. There are times, he was wont to say, when to read a first-class writer is an insult both to the writer and yourself: there are authors for whom you want tranquil hours, happy scenery, birds, flowers, moonlight, silence, woman's eyes. If you are obliged to read just to kill time—in hotels, railways, steamships, courts of justice, or any other places of boredom—the greater the nonsense the better, argued Mr. Carington. It would be unkind to name the novel whose badness Sams guaranteed, especially as its author's name has long been lost in Lethe; but Mr. Carington laughed over it immensely, and made some metric marginalia which caused an unscrupulous collector of autographs to steal the second volume.

Mr. Carington seldom took luncheon; but when you have nothing to do in London that meal becomes inevitable: and John, a suggestive waiter, proposed a basin of turtle. When this and the third volume of the abominable novel had been got rid of, it became advisable to dress.

"I shall ride this afternoon, John," he said, "as it seems fine. Send to Quartermaine's and ask for the dark brown mare I used to ride. If he hasn't got her now, he knows how to suit me. Three o'clock—I shall want a groom."

The groom and the horse were ready at three; so was Mr. Carington, always glad to get into the saddle, always glad of an adventure, a smile on his lip and a cyclamen in his button-hole. He came down stairs by good hap just as No. Six drove slowly by . . . for the street was blocked. *He knew her at once!*

"That's Miss Lily, sir," says the ever-observant John.

Mr. Carington got into the saddle—it was his favourite old brown mare



—and trotted quickly towards Piccadilly. The dashing ponies were put into a trot as soon as the block was over. He, holding his mare well in hand, kept the gay equipage in sight, and was rather amused by its evolutions. Amused also in the interest taken by the gazing Londoners in the gay lady who fluttered her parasol-whip so disdainfully.

Thanks to his perfect knowledge of London, Mr. Carington so skilfully pursued the lady through all her turnings and windings that he finally saw her ponies enter the dreary old gateways of the Red House. He turned the mare's head and galloped off to the Chandos Club. The groom could hardly keep him in sight. Mr. Carington acted on instincts: he remembered that an old crony of his, Arthur Conyers, whom he had met in Moscow, was now of the F. O. and the C. C. Strange, yet true—Conyers was almost the first man he saw as he entered the hall.

A short man, with a slight cast in the eye, rather agreeable than otherwise, a soft beard of silky silver-brown, and a knowledge of all the languages of the earth. A diplomatist of that old school which conceives that England was intended to annex Asia. For the rest, rather a good writer of *vers de société*, and about the best judge of wine on the committee of the Chandos.

"My dear Carington," he said, "I am glad to see you. Apart from your personal merits, I want somebody to dine with me. I am horribly alone, having all the F. O. work on me, for the Chief is at Balmoral."

"If you don't mind," said Mr. Carington, "come up and dine with me hastily at the Clarendon. You are the very man I wanted to see, but I can't tell you why, here. It's only a step—I'll send my horse home."

It was arranged. They had but five minutes' walk. When they entered, Mr. Carington found the trusty waiter at hand.

"It's all right about Drury Lane, Mr. Carington," says John. "I took the liberty of sending for a box for you."

"Quite right. Dinner—the best you can do in a hurry. Don't let anybody come into the room but yourself."

The dinner was devilish good, as they both voted, hurry notwithstanding. Presently Mr. Carington said to Conyers,—

"You've a new sensation in London now, I find. Who's Lily Page, the last female fashion?"

"Did you bring me here to ask me that?" said Conyers, affecting a languid desperation. "Why I am asked two hundred times a day. The F. S. telegraphed from Balmoral this morning to know if I had found out."

"It is no good asking you for information," said Mr. Carington; "yet people swear you are the best-informed man in London."

"One can't know everything," said Conyers, mournfully manipulating his silky beard. "I know that this is a stunning woodcock."

"It's a scratch dinner, old fellow. See; port goes with woodcock; try it. Now, one more question. Can you give me Prince Oistravieff's present address?"



"Oistravieff; I wish I could. Why we are in tremendous trouble about that fellow. He's missing—Heaven knows how. The Ambassador tells the F. S. that if he isn't found they must claim compensation; they'll want either Gibraltar or Malta, I think."

"Give 'em both," says Mr. Carington. "The Christianity of the English government is perfect. A fellow demands your coat and you offer your trowsers as well. If he'd asked for your wife, you'd throw in your daughters to boot. I am prouder of England every day. No matter; what will you bet I don't bring you face to face with Oistravieff to-night?"

"I won't bet with you, Carington, on any subject. You're the ablest man in England, or the only man I have ever met that never talked without knowing. You might be Prime Minister——"

"I know I might, and God forbid—I'll not give up to party what was meant for mankind secondly and for myself firstly. But now, if you are good for an adventure, I think I can find your Russian to-night; and I think I can also enable you to telegraph to the F. S. some important information concerning Lily Page. You are not afraid of a row, are you?"

"Not a bit."

Mr. Carington went to a side table and brought a couple of small six-chamber revolvers.

"They are loaded with conical bullets," he said; "it is just as well to carry them among barbarians: but from what I know, we shall not want to use them. By the way," he went on, pushing towards Conyers one of the pistols and a decanter, "has the F. O. much information about the secret democratic societies?"

"A good deal—mostly false," said Arthur Conyers, tersely.

"Odd names they have," said Mr. Carington, thoughtfully; "Free Brothers, I believe, and Silent Sisters. Did you ever see specimens of either in any human menagerie?"

"They don't venture into England," said Conyers.

"No! You shall see a specimen or two of each to-night, unless my luck is bad."

"Excellent reason for carrying these little tools," said Conyers, balancing in his hand the beautiful fatal weapon. "If we get among the Silent Sisters, heaven knows what may happen."

"The brougham is ready, sir," says John, at the moment.

They descended and drove to Drury Lane. They had a box on the left of the stage. Montmorenci Kloppts was playing Hamlet, but they had not come to see Kloppts tearing his passion to rags—to very tatters. They kept in the back of their box, and waited to see who arrived in the only empty box on the opposite side of the grand tier. They had to wait some time. The third act had begun, and Kloppts was in his glory, when there came quietly into this unoccupied box, a woman lovely yet strange, with the wildest eyes and the whitest skin in the world.

"Is that Lily Page?" says Mr. Carington. "Come round: we'll talk to her."

"Nobody ever enters her box," said Conyers. "That's the oddest part of it."

"Well," said Mr. Carington, with a laugh; "you and I will astonish the world. Come along."

Had it been anyone save Mr. Carington, Conyers would have laughed at him: but Carington was a man who declined failure. When they reached the door of the mystical box on whose occupant the eyes of London had so long been fixed, there stood a tall stalwart scowling Russian on guard.

"Demetrius!" said Mr. Carington, extending his left hand, with a springing movement of the third finger against the thumb. The Russian bowed reverentially, and opened the box-door—Mr. Carington and his friend entered, the latter slightly amazed. There was a kind of vague introduction—Lily Page, or Paulovna, or No. Six, looking very much perplexed all the while.

"Let us talk Romaic," said Mr. Carington to the lady. "That boy understands Russ. Will you invite us home to supper?"

"Home!" she said. "What home have I?"

"I saw you drive your ponies to the Red House at Wandsworth, to-day. I know quite well what you are doing. Now, tell me, is that scoundrel in your power?"

"I have made him marry me."

"O, a sweet husband to have. He will get out of it if he can."

"He shall be put to death if he dares."

"Perhaps. What do you gain, Paulovna? I think I can guess what you have been doing. It is not safe in England: you would not like to see Ivan and Demetrius hanged, would you?"

"I would rather be hanged myself," she exclaimed.

"Ah, we never hang women: our greatest punishment is to let them live. Come, be reasonable. You are plotting here, Paulovna: I tell you it is not safe: and you have married Prince Michael, which was wicked and cruel and foolish. You are a princess: how pleasant! Why did you not marry Demetrius?"

"I could not."

"O, of course not: women never can do what they ought. No matter: I want to come down to the Red House with my friend here, and have some supper. May I?"

"May you? You will, I know."

"I will, then. Now talk Russian to Conyers, while I make the arrangements. Conyers likes to talk foreign languages."

Mr. Carington went into the corridor, and had a confidential talk with Demetrius Brakinska on the important topics of conspiracy and supper.

(To be continued.)

## THE CITY RAG SHOP.

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It is a fact not generally known, that the Metropolitan Horse and Cattle Market at Islington, which is the property and under the immediate supervision of the Lord Mayor and Common Council-men of the City of London, is, once a week, on a Friday, given over to the purposes of a gigantic rag and old iron and general rubbish emporium.

The more humble branches of commerce, known as the second-hand, especially as regards wearing apparel, workmen's tools, &c. &c., are by no means novel features of London market life. From time immemorial the Sunday Rag Fair has flourished, and still flourishes, at Houndsditch, and the extent of its dealings can be believed only by those who have been at the pains to make a journey on a Sabbath morning to those insalubrious regions of the East, in discovering which Aldgate Pump serves as an invaluable landmark. You cannot however miss the place if you are content to follow the stream that, while the bells are ringing for church, comes pouring towards one spot from West, and North, and South. Such a stream! A Fenian demonstration, a great fire, a prize fight, could not call together a vaster multitude of the tag-rag-and-bob-tail order of humanity, than that which flows towards Cutler Street and Middlesex Street, and Moses Square, in Whitechapel. Some years since a strenuous endeavour was made to put a stop to this tumultuous Sunday trading in the very heart of the City, but its continuance was defended on grounds that were of too grave importance to be ignored. It was pleaded that the respectable appearance of tens of thousands of the poor was due entirely to the existence of the said Fair; that were it not for the extraordinary facilities provided by the ingenious converters of cast-off rags and flinders into decent-looking attire, that might be sold at an amazingly low price, we should have thousands of the population misspending the Sabbath-day, appearing in public in unsightly patched and dirty work-a-day garb, or else, ashamed to be seen, the great host of poverty-stricken ones, instead of walking abroad for harmless recreation, would slink to the public-house and there pass their Sabbath-day in smoking and drinking. And there can be no doubt, much as may justly, perhaps, be said against Rag Fair on the score of Sunday recreation, that it is a wonderful place and a mighty boon to a vast number whose earnings are barely sufficient to provide them with lodging, food, and firing, and who can spare for clothing in the course

of a year not so much as you or I, dear reader, expend in gloves and neckties.

We who are accustomed to give our commands to the tailor, and the hatter, and the shoemaker, leaving it to the conscience of these respected tradesmen to decide how much we are to be charged for the various articles we require, can form no idea as to the amazingly low figure at which it is possible to obtain in Moses Square a full and entire "rig-out"—provided one is not over-fastidious as regards the most recent fashion, and has no deeply rooted prejudices against stepping into other men's shoes, or accommodating the shoulders to a coat that has served at least one master already. There is no fear, if the intending purchaser can overcome these minor scruples, as regards his being able to find a suit that will fit him. There is not a London tailor, from Mr. Poole to Solomon Lazarus, the merchant outfitter of Brick Lane, Spitalfields, that is not represented in Cutler Street. It cannot be otherwise, for here is established the great Clothes Exchange, a covered-in space larger than Billingsgate Market, with a turnstile and a toll-man at each entrance, to receive the pennies of those who seek the privilege of bartering there. It had need be a large place. Hither resorts, after his daily pilgrimage is completed, every member of the great "old clo" army, whose hunting ground extends twelve miles round London, and whose gleanings of a week provide the well-stuffed bags, which could they be heaped together would make a mighty pile indeed. The "old clo" men, however, have no mind for interesting experiments: they are of a practical turn, and prefer turning out their bags as soon as the Exchange is reached, and turning over the money value as soon as possible. The reader may, however, form some idea of the extent of the collections made by the men with the bags, when it is stated that in one only of these clothes exchanges the amount paid for "old clo" often exceeds two thousand pounds in a single day. Nor are the orthodox "old clo" men the only ones who bring their spoils to Rag Fair. There is the great company of itinerant china and glass hawkers, who, at an area railings, entreat as beseechingly for cast-off raiment as though that they at present wore was under restraint, and would presently be seized from their backs, leaving them in a condition more easily imagined than described. Many a time it must have puzzled the attentive observer of the habits and customs of those who pick up a living in London streets, to know to what end certain individuals perambulate byeways, as well as main thoroughfares, emphatically expressing their willingness to give the sum of twopence for any old hat, no matter how battered, or mildewed, or grease-stained. And that they are as good as their word, at least as regards the quality of the article they are ready to negotiate for, is sufficiently demonstrated by the choice collection of head-gear, made into a huge bunch by means of a string, with which they

are already laden. It seems utterly impossible that even a conjuror could restore to shape and sightliness the bruised and broken things so as to make them again fit to cover the human head. Nevertheless the feat is performed, and that on a scale that makes it well worth the while of those peripatetic hat-buyers to persist in their peculiar line of business. They constitute the source from which is derived those glistening rows of glossy chapeaus exhibited by the shopkeeper of Rag Fair at such incredibly low prices. Hats may be bought in Moses Square for as little as sixpence each. To be sure these are not such as a person with any pretension to being a "swell" would invest his money in; they are sound and substantial hats enough, but they have not the style and finish that renders them eligible for genteel wear. You must go as high as eighteen-pence if you require anything really superfine, while even as much as a half-crown is required for the "tip-top of fashion." But the demand for this choice article is of course limited. In Moses Square boots and shoes may be obtained at any price, from sixpence to five shillings. A brisk business in the boot trade is done on Sunday mornings in this densely crowded place on the system of exchange, but this is the inferior department. There are stall-keepers in this wonderful fair who deal in boots "past mending," in dilapidated, trodden-down things, tongueless, and with their eyelid holes all riven out, and with gaps between their soles and upper leathers. It would seem impossible for boots in a worse condition to be worn, but wearers of old boots,—just a little worse only,—attend the fair bent on bettering themselves at an outlay of a few pence, and, after a narrow and anxious examination of a pair on the stall, and a close comparison of them with the leaky old wrecks on their feet, they will perhaps bid three-halfpence or twopence and their own for the other pair, and effect the exchange on the spot, squatting down on the muddy pavement to do it. It may appear incredible that it can be worth the while of any person in the shoe trade, however modest his aspirations, to bring his stock to market under such unpromising circumstances; but the best proof that these dealers in ragged merchandize make a good thing of it, is provided by the circumstance that every Sunday there is almost a scramble among them for the privilege of hiring, at a most exorbitant rate, the few feet of space they require to display their goods. It must be a first-rate speculation for Moses, assuming that the "square" in question is named after the proprietor. He loses nothing by tenants running away in his debt, or going back in their payments. Prompt cash is his maxim, summary ejection being the penalty of non-compliance. I cannot say for certain, but I believe that the rent of the unclean soil that comprises the area of Moses Square is estimated at a penny the square yard, the term of tenancy commencing at ten o'clock on Sunday morning and expiring at two in

the afternoon. Between eleven and twelve the toll-collector and his man—the latter having about his neck a great leather money bag—go their rounds. The former carries with him a six-foot rule, and will sternly resent an infringement of the breadth of an old shoe sole over the space stipulated for. And exasperated renters know better than to permit their angry passions to rise against his harsh rule: should they do so, they are “booked,” and come next Sunday an offer even of three-halfpence per square yard will not be listened to. They are for the present disqualified from plying on that inodorous Tom Tiddler’s ground, and must seek a “pitch” for their goods elsewhere.

To return, however, to the starting-point from which I have so unwarrantably wandered—the Great Metropolitan Mart for “odds and ends,” held weekly on the premises of the great Cattle Market in Copenhagen Fields. Friday is the day, and marvellous is the spectacle, at an early hour of the morning, of scores of trucks and barrows and donkey carts, indescribably laden, toiling from all quarters in this one direction. It is as though a despotic government had issued a peremptory edict commanding every small broker, and every dealer in marine stores, and old iron, and second-hand tools, to clear out, bag and baggage, and take their various stores with them,—confiscation and imprisonment being the penalties of disobedience,—and that the panic-stricken tradesmen in question in and about London had packed up in a mighty hurry and fled to Islington Cattle Market, as a place at least of temporary safety. It would be impossible, even though the whole number of pages forming the present number of this magazine were at my disposal, to enumerate the thousands of items that go to make up the incongruous collection. The fugitives find a methodical reception, however, here, no less than at Moses Square. The broad covered avenues, in which on other days graziers and butchers and drovers crowd, are well paved, and on either side the spaces to be occupied are marked out with chalk lines, the word “let” distinguishing those already hired from those that may yet be negotiated for. It is rare, however, that come noon as much as a single square yard is vacant. In its dealings the Metropolitan Rag and Rubbish Bazaar differs from Moses Square inasmuch as it is more miscellaneous. It would be difficult to imagine anything in the common way that may not be purchased there; indeed, a deliberate investigation of the marvellous collection reveals to the view not a few articles that are decidedly out of the common way, and one cannot help marvelling how on earth they got there, or how it could have been deemed worth the while of a broker to bring them to market on the remote chance of anyone coming in search of them. It is asserted that once there was a wager between two individuals, the terms being that one should mention the most unlikely article he could think of, the other betting that, given three Fridays for the hunt, he would discover it amongst the things offered for sale. The article fixed on

was, one would imagine, the least likely of all—a coffin. Nothing daunted, however, the wagerer went to work, and on the second Friday came on the “shop clearing” of an insolvent small undertaker, which included three little black boxes that had been “kept in stock” for still-born babies. The “other side,” however, shabbily contended that he had not lost his bet, arguing that a coffin was a resting-place for the dead, and that it was impossible to prove that a creature was dead that had never lived, and that, therefore, tiny black boxes were not, in the strict sense of the term, coffins.

But there are articles almost as unlikely as coffins to be met with at every turn. Here, for instance, is a small merchant who has hired nine square feet of market space, that he may exhibit for sale a bushel or so of old screws and bolts and odds and ends of iron ware, and an old meat screen, a concertina, an imperfect electrical machine, five “imitation” bladders of lard, two ditto of cheese, a pair of bellows, a coffee mill, several volumes of the *Methodist Record*, and a child’s caul, the latter having pinned to it a ticket, inscribed “Andy for hemigrunts, onley fifteen shillin.” One would never dream of meeting the demands of a broken leg with such strict economy as to look about for a second-hand crutch; but it is a fact that, at the Islington bazaar, not only second-hand crutches, but wooden legs and handy hooks to screw into the wooden stumps of one-armed men, may be bought; and all manner of ingenious contrivances in steel covered with soft leather (all second-hand of course) for upholding and strengthening distorted and rickety limbs; and water-beds on which invalids have long lain and perhaps died; and rings, and watches, and dice, and all manner of gambling implements, and strait jackets, and bibles and testaments and hymn-books at waste paper prices. You may buy clothes that are little better than rags, and clothes sound and serviceable, and rabbit-hutches with live rabbits in them, and pigeon-houses with pigeons, and dormice, and guinea-pigs, and live monkeys; or gas-fittings for a private house, or a blunderbuss, or a child’s perambulator, or a piping bullfinch, or a goldfinch that can work a treadmill to get at its seed, and haul up a bucket by means of a tiny rope, and so supply itself with water. It is really hard to say what may not be purchased at this wonderful market, which every week is full as a fair with those who are on the look-out for the useful or the curious.

It is a convenient and extensively patronised resort for those who are relinquishing or have failed in trades and occupations that involve the employment of appliances more or less expensive. A travelling tinker wishing to set up in business might here make his choice of half-a-dozen barrows fitted with wheels and treadles complete, late the property of individuals who possibly have come to grief through their malpractices, and are for the present devoting their energies to a government system of treadwheel that is much less to their liking.



Cat's-meat men are but human. They die, they fail ; their vaulting ambition leading them to aspire to an emblazoned barrow before they have fairly got beyond the more humble basket, they find themselves inextricably "involved," and hither bring their vehicles to sell them for as much as they will fetch, the proceeds to be devoted to a fresh start. Nor do they find much difficulty in negotiating a sale, for since the world began there were always ambitious cat's-meat men, as well as more pretentious speculators, who are equally blind in their own conceit and will not take warning. On the occasion of my visit there was a "happy family" for sale ; a large square cage with open wire-work sides, mounted on wheels, and containing two cats, a monkey, a terrier dog, a hen fowl, several rats, and four guinea-pigs. It was a woman who appeared as the owner of the strange lot, and she had a strip of sticking plaster across the bridge of her nose and a black eye, and from the malicious eagerness with which she was endeavouring to dispose of the unfortunate family for the small sum of five-and-twenty shillings, and the bitterness of her frequent declaration that "the showing of 'em about would be an out-and-out good living for anyone but a drunken warmint who couldn't keep his hands to hisself," the suspicion was engendered that the warmint vaguely hinted at was no other than her lawful husband, who had visited on her the broken nose and black eye already alluded to, and that possibly he was now in prison for his misdeeds, and would be filled with dismay, when the time for his release arrived, to find his "happy family" alienated and in the hands of strangers.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature presented by the Friday's fair at Islington was the number and variety of articles in process of manufacture, but the completion of which had been from one cause and another nipped in the bud. A weakness prevails amongst an extraordinary number of persons that "anybody with common sense" and the requisite material can construct a harmonium. I think that I should be within the mark if I gave the number of instances as being at least a dozen that came under my observation of half-finished musical instruments of this class that stood there in the market-place, the strings and wires a hopeless tangle, and the various "fittings" crowning the ignominious failure jumbled altogether in a brown paper parcel. "Flukes" of the self-taught and over-confident appeared too in the shape of all manner of upholstery and joinery work, and the numbers of individuals who think that they can make a turner's lathe, and who discover their mistake at that point where the spindles require exact adjustment with the wheels, appear to be about equal to the harmonium maniacs. But it is not with these kind of failures that one's sympathies go. It is with the hard-working worthy mechanic, the wheelwright and cart builder for instance, who evidently has at odd times, and when he should have been taking his proper leisure after his day's work, been endeavouring to earn a few



extra pounds by "getting up" by piecemeal a vehicle of some sort—a cart, a van, or even a barrow, and who, through illness, or being thrown out of work, or some such unforeseen cause has been brought to an untimely standstill, and is compelled to bring, instead of his perfect carriage, his dismal mis-carriage to market, half finished, and wanting perhaps the wheels, or the springs, to dispose of it just for as much as it will fetch ; which, judging from the amazing bargains which are constantly changing hands on every side, is the main principle on which the business of this extraordinary place, at which anything, from a pair of list slippers to a pair of elephant's tusks, may be bought, is conducted.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

## A SONG OF ANGIOLA DEAD.

—  
"Vale, unica."  
—

SONG, art thou sad, my song !  
Thou hast not ease nor sleep,  
Thou art not gay nor glad ;  
Hast thou not mourned too long !  
Speak to me, song, nor weep  
Till thou grow grey and mad  
For that all love is fled,  
Beauty and bountihed ;—  
Song, thou art sad.

Song, ah how fair was she !  
Days but her praise repeat ;—  
Men may seek out with care  
Nowhere such eyes to see,  
Nowhere such little feet,—  
Yea, and such yellow hair ;  
Nowhere like lips, I weet,  
Kisses thereon to eat ;—  
Song, she was fair !

Song, and how sweet she was !  
Spring breezes kissed her face,  
Little leaves kissed her feet,  
And the sun kissed because  
Nowhere in any place  
Thing was to kiss so sweet,  
Nothing so dear as she,  
Gentle and maidenly ;—  
Song, she was sweet !

Song, but how good she was !  
There was no thing she said  
But it was wise and good ;  
No abject thing but has  
Out from her mercy fed,

Strong in her pity stood ;  
There was no little child  
But to her leapt and smiled ;—  
Song, she was good.

How shall we wait, my song !  
There is no mirth in cup,  
Nowhere a feast is spread ;  
Life is all marred and wrong ;  
Grief hath consumed it up  
Now that our love is fled ;  
Earth hath no face to see  
Pointing my sword for me ;—  
Song, she is dead !

Song, shall we leave to sing ?  
Nothing can wake her now,  
Nothing can lift her head ;  
There is no tune can bring  
Back to her cheek and brow  
Roses of white and red ;—  
Nothing of ours can stir  
Words to the lips of her ;—  
Song, she is dead !

Cease then from scent, my song,  
Change thee thy myrrh with rue,  
Myrtle with calamus ;  
Bring for us garments long,  
Weeds to our grief, and strew  
Dust on the hair of us,  
For that all love is fled,  
Beauty and bountihed ;—  
Song, she is dead !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## A GERMAN VIEW OF OXFORD.\*

(BEING A LETTER FROM HERMANN GOTTLÖB, PH.D., TO HIS  
WIFE DOROTHEA.)

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LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON,  
October, 1872.

MEIN LIEBES KIND,

How shall I begin to describe to thee what I saw and heard yesterday? The all-too-swiftly-on-another-crowding recollections scarce permit themselves to be arranged and classified. For thou must know that I devoted yesterday to inspecting and studying the most famous University in England—perhaps in the world—Oxford. What I had not time actually to inspect I have since then, lying in my bed, evolved out of my inner consciousness. For I found it impossible to sleep, partly because my mind was too excited with the events of the day—still more because Leicester Square, although a fashionable and salubrious locality, has more than its due share of those lower organisms which maintain their being (usually by night) at the expense of the higher.

It may be allowed to me to mention *en passant* that the train took me to Oxford with really alarming rapidity. In fact I then for the first time learnt the full meaning of the phrase *en passant*. However, I arrived at last in safety at my destination. A dozen boot-blacks at once assailed me. In vain I essayed to make them understand that, if my boots lacked polish, it was in nowise because I laboured under any deficiency of the artistic instinct or was insensible to the eternal fitness of things, but simply and entirely because I preferred oil to blacking. It is, as thou knowest, at once less costly and a better prophylactic against moisture.

I had scarce got rid of these tormentors, when I found myself in the High Street of Oxford. What I then and there saw fairly took away my breath. Thou knowest, my dear little heart, that I am not only a Doctor of Göttingen, but that I have studied at Paris and am otherwise a man of vast and varied experience. But such a spectacle

\* Both Dr. Gottlob and his wife are good English scholars, and are in the habit of corresponding in this language. My task has therefore been an easy one. In fact, only in one or two passages where the learned Doctor's meaning seemed a little obscure, have I made any alteration in his MS. : otherwise I have left his peculiarities of style untouched. The reader will, however, notice that these are confined almost exclusively to the commencement of his letter. Directly he warms with his subject, his language becomes much more terse and idiomatic.—ED.

as the High Street of Oxford presents during the Semestre I had never expected to see outside of Grimm's Märchen. Figure to thyself a street, which our countryman, Dr. Wagner, was wont to call the finest in Europe, literally full of human beings of the male denomination clad in hideous black gowns. Thou wilt not believe me. Thou wilt say that it is possible that Stanley discovered Livingstone and that Prince Bismarck has Liberal tendencies, but that this that I tell thee is a sheer impossibility. But, my beloved, it is simply and literally true. Moreover, there would seem to be some secret significance in these garments. Their shape and their texture convey a whole world of information to the initiated. On the younger men I noticed that they were small, undeveloped, rudimentary. In the class somewhat older, they flow out laterally with prodigal effusion of bombazine. Then, as the graver age sets in, this luxuriance is curtailed, the full sleeves shrink into two shrivelled pendants. But, as I saw later in the day, this is not the ultimate stage of development. In the middle of the day, generally about 2 p.m. the chrysalis bursts into the butterfly. Then you may see, issuing from all manner of quaint nooks and corners, struggling painfully into the sunlight as though to bask there for a moment and then expire, a number of venerable figures clothed in the brightest scarlet; yea, verily, apple of my eye, in gowns of such radiant hue as might gladden the heart of the vainest of thy sex. I followed one of these gorgeous patriarchs, and found myself in a room with many of the same beings and still more of the dingy, undeveloped chrysales I have already described. At first they spoke in an unknown tongue. One told me it was Latin, but, as thou knowest, "experience maketh prudent,"\* and I believed not the idle invention. Nay, Welsh or Irish it may have been, but Latin it most assuredly was not.†

I had already made the acquaintance of a so-called Fellow—a word thou must not confound with our word *Kerl*. Thou wilt ask me, however, what the word means. The fact is, my little heart, it has no German equivalent; for it is the name of one who holds a peculiar sinecure office at the University, and, as thou knowest, we are too poor to possess such offices. The French attempt to render it by the word *agrégé*, but without much success. Thou must know that—such is the richness and benevolence of England—one needs here only a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek grammars to receive a pension for life. Thou wilt not believe me when I tell thee that no work of any kind is exacted in return, that one can spend one's life at the Antipodes; and that, so great is the gratitude of England towards those who have distinguished themselves even in this

\* This is apparently a not very happy translation of the German proverb, "Durch Erfahrung wird man klug."—Ed.

† I incline to think that Dr. Gottlob was here misled by the peculiar sound of Latin when spoken in the English fashion.—Ed.

moderate way, that the pension is paid without a murmur, and with the most enviable punctuality.

The Fellow whose acquaintance I had made was a young man, tall and dark, with a perpetual sneer upon his lips. I judged him very clever from the first, and am more than ever convinced of the fact, inasmuch as after being with him for several hours, I detected no overt sign of ability. Now it requires no ordinary talent thus to conceal one's attainments. It is true that, as the sequel of this letter will show, he condescended at times to the eloquence of reproduction. As the mouth-piece of Oxford opinion he showed himself most competent; but he persistently declined to exhibit any original ability. If his modesty in this respect was admirable, there was still a certain cruelty in thus treating a stranger.

I spoke to him about the so-called Fellowships; I asked him their exact value.

"It varies," he said, "from 200*l.* to something over 300*l.* a year; then in addition, if you elect to live at Oxford, you have rooms rent-free, and all sorts of allowances, which reduce your expenses considerably."

"Are they all for Latin and Greek grammar?" I asked, innocently.

He did not seem to like the question, but answered at last, as if with an effort,—

"No; some are for Law and History."

"What do you mean by Law?" I asked.

"Justinian and Blackstone."

"Nothing more?"

"Isn't that enough?" he retorted.

I at once expressed acquiescence, and asked him, as I began to see that words at Oxford had a restricted meaning, what was understood by the word History.

"You take up a period," he answered.

I confess I was puzzled, as at the moment I could think of no other meaning for period, than full-stop. He saw my embarrassment, and explained,—

"I mean you take up, for instance, not the whole of English history, but only certain reigns."

"Not the whole, even, of English history?" I exclaimed; "and you can get pensioned for life for that?"

"That is not very likely," he answered, with a sneer; "for there are not many Law and History Fellowships, and most of those are at All Souls."

"All Souls!" I exclaimed, still more perplexed.

"Yes; the college where only the *benè vestiti* find admission."

I thought of the pale shades waiting to be ferried over the Styx; but they, so far from being *benè vestiti*, were not *vestiti* at all.

"And what do the Fellows do?" I asked after a pause.

"Do!" he exclaimed, with an accent of astonishment. "Why, what should they do?"

"I thought Oxford was a great teaching body," I murmured meekly.

"A mistake," he cried. "Oxford is a body, not of teachers, but of taught. However, it is impossible to expect foreigners to understand these niceties."

I began to think he was right. What could I, Doctor of Philosophy of Göttingen, where every professor and University official has to work for his living, know of these celestial pastures where the over-tasked school-boy finds a quiet retreat for the term of his natural life.

"With us," I said at last, "such a system would lead to laziness and intellectual stagnation. But then we are not so energetic as you English."

"Stagnation!" he cried. "You cannot be aware of the mighty names which blaze on Oxford's scroll of Fame."

"At the present time?" I asked; for in Germany I had never heard of any living Oxford celebrity except Max Müller, and he is a German.

"Yes; at the present time." And then he gave me a long list of names, amongst which I only caught Brown, Jones and Robinson.

"And what have these brilliant scholars done?" I asked.

He looked at me half-pityingly, half-contemptuously. "I had almost quoted Milton in reply," he said, "'Not to know them,' &c.; but, seriously, you must have heard of Brown. He has written a pamphlet on University Reform, recommending that Responsions should serve as a matriculation examination. A most able man, but, as you will judge from the example I have given, too radical a reformer. Surely you must have heard of him?"

I was forced with shame and sorrow to confess that I had not.

"Well, then, you must know Jones by name—the celebrated Fellow of ———, who translated the most difficult book of the Iliad into octosyllabic verse, altering of course the names of some of the ships. A marvel of ingenuity."

"I quite agree with you, and the practical value of the work must be very great. But I never heard of him or his book."

"At least, however, you know Robinson. He is the best German scholar in the University. Can do all but read a German letter and understand colloquial German."

I was forced in the interests of truth to own that even Robinson was to me an unknown quantity. I could see that my companion's opinion of me sank considerably in consequence. I felt humiliated. But was I, after all, to blame? Was it not rather the fault of the luminaries themselves, who, possessing such transcendent abilities, would hide them under a bushel?

This conversation had taken place at lunch, to which he had been

civil enough to invite me. His rooms were large though not lofty, handsomely furnished, untidy, full of modern editions of the classics piled in picturesque confusion round silver goblets and pewter mugs. These latter I found were rewards conferred for excellence in a variety of athletic exercises.

I was so crushed with the result of our last burst of conversation, and overwhelmed at my ignorance of Oxford celebrities, that for some time I munched on in silence. At last I remembered that I had a mission to discharge—that I had come to Oxford to gain information, not to yield weakly to sentimental bashfulness. Stimulated by this thought, I said—my host had begged me to catechise him freely,—

“May I ask if you have anything to do with teaching here?”

“As Fellow, certainly not. But I am also tutor, for which I receive 200*l*. a year more, and have to give from six to eight lectures a week.”

“Of an hour each?”

“Yes.”

“And that only for half the year, I believe?”

“Certainly; in fact, not so long; for the examinations take place before the end of term; and, when they have once begun, there is no further occasion for my lectures.”

As he said this I looked at him with respectful admiration. No wonder he was so tall and handsome, since he spent his life under such charming conditions, with such a superfluity of what Aristotle calls “external goods.” I must, however, own that my admiration was not unmixed with envy. Why, I kept asking myself, had I been born in Germany and not in England? Why had envious Fortune cast my lot in a country where nothing but original ability and enormous attainments will secure a man a position at a University, instead of in a country where you have only to know as much as one of our gymnasiasts in Prussia in order to have your path paved with sovereigns from manhood to old age. Ah! I said to myself, it is not in Germany but in England that *Geist* is really revered; for here its tender beginnings are rewarded more plenteously than with us its highest developments.

I inquired about the endowments of Oxford, and found they amounted to over 300,000*l*. a year; that is, to more than two millions of thalers!

“With this enormous income,” I said, “of course you educate the youth of England by tens of thousands?”

He smiled superciliously at my ignorance.

“As if we wanted to be overrun with *canaille*! No, the number of resident undergraduates is, I believe, about 1500.”

Just think a moment, my love, of all that this answer involves. An income of 300,000*l*. spent on the education of 1500 young men a year. Verily, these English are magnificent. I made another shot.



"At least, under these circumstances, these young men are educated for nothing?"

"On the contrary, their education costs them from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year each. It is true a certain number are partially supported by scholarships; but our principle at Oxford is to make young men value their education by charging them as highly as possible for it. Thus we have here some score of capacious buildings called colleges intended for the reception of students. Now these buildings cost the college authorities nothing in the way of rent; but none the less is it deemed advisable to charge the students for the rooms they occupy. So too with respect to their board. Nothing is supplied to them at cost price. A handsome margin is allowed in the way of profit, and all, as I have said, with the single-minded object of making them appreciate at their just value the advantages of a liberal education."

"Liberal!" I confess I was puzzled exactly how to interpret the word.

"The education thus given," I said, "ought at least to be very good of its kind."

"So it is. For instance, if a man makes more than two gross blunders in his Latin prose he cannot get his degree."

"But, if he makes even one, he cannot write Latin."

"Possibly; but the limitation of the number surely indicates a certain strictness in the examination."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and a middle-aged man, clad in black with a white necktie, entered. He held a short colloquy with my host and then retired.

"It may interest you to hear that that gentleman is a coach," said my host, carelessly.

It did interest me, but I was compelled to ask for an explanation of the word.

"O, a coach is a man who prepares men privately for the Schools." \*

"Do many men make use of them?"

"Most honour-men, and a great many pass-men."

\* Here Dr. Gottlob adds the following philological postscript:—The origin of the word "coach," as applied to private teachers, is involved in considerable obscurity. My friend M. de Trophabile has, in that light easy way in which the French are always ready to settle the affairs of the world, suggested an explanation which does not altogether satisfy me. "*Vous savez, mon cher,*" he said last night, as we were drinking an absinthe together, "*comment s'appelle en français coach. C'est tout simplement diligence. Eh bien! c'est parce que ces hommes-là ont plus de diligence que leurs confrères qu'en les nomme des coaches—c'est-à-dire des diligences.*" Mr. Jones, of Crammen's Hall, gives, however, a different explanation. "You see, Dr. Gottlob," he said to me, yesterday, "the tutors at your own college are always so precious slow. They only walk over the ground; so if you want to go faster you must put on a coach and be driven." I reserve my own decision until I shall have had an opportunity of consulting Professor Max Müller.

"I understand," I said. "The 300,000*l.* a year is not sufficient to pay enough tutors to get the men through the Examinations, without ancillary aid?"

I thought I was beginning to comprehend Oxford and its institutions. Up to this time my judgment had been warped by my economical German notions. Strange to say, however, my host did not seem to appreciate my remark. He did not vouchsafe a direct answer, but only said:—

"We do not recognise them."

"Them" was evidently the coach suddenly expanded into the plural. I hastened to respond in a sympathising tone of voice,—

"But you cannot do without them?"

"They save bother," he exclaimed, almost savagely.

"Have men a choice between college lectures and a coach?" I asked.

"Not as a rule. Men must attend college lectures; otherwise, of course, we could not charge for them; but that need not, and does not, prevent them from putting on a private coach when an examination is imminent."

A new discovery. The 300,000*l.* did not suffice even to pay for college lectures! What an expensive country England must be!

I had by this time learned as much about the Oxford system of instruction as I could digest at one sitting, so I begged my host to furnish me with a little information respecting the discipline of the University.

"That is equally flourishing," he began, with that happy optimism which sits so naturally upon the favourite of fortune. "For instance, we allow no smoking in the streets."

"Why? It is not immoral."

"My dear Dr. Gottlob," he returned, and, as he spoke, he surveyed me with the same sort of interest as I had evinced the day before when confronted suddenly with the hippopotamus at Regent's Park. "My dear Dr. Gottlob, how long have you been in England?"

The question seemed to me irrelevant, but I answered it notwithstanding.

"A fortnight."

"Ah, exactly. That explains it."

And he sank into a state of rumination, from which at first I did not venture to rouse him. At length, however, my curiosity getting the better of my prudence, I ventured to say,—

"I do not exactly understand you."

He roused himself with an effort.

"I beg your pardon for my absence," he began; "but your remark about smoking opened such a vista before my mind that I involuntarily lost myself in it. If you had been even a year in England, Dr.

Gottlob, you could not have made such a remark. It is not immorality that is punished either at Oxford or elsewhere in this favoured isle—it is unconventionality."

"Really!" I exclaimed, and I pricked up my ears for what might follow.

The young man looked at this moment almost sublime. Clad in a short, gorgeous jacket of light-coloured velvet, he was balancing himself in a softly-cushioned arm-chair and, in the intervals of conversation, inhaling the smoke of a perfumed havannah. For a moment my idealism got the upper hand. The tears started to my eyes as I thought of the ineffable condescension evinced by a being, whom a grateful country had placed in a position of elegant idleness for life, in subjecting himself to the troublesome process of cogitation, still more in favouring me, a humble foreigner, with the ripe results of this process. Happily, he did not notice my agitation, but continued,—

"You must often have heard, Dr. Gottlob, that we English are a practical nation. You can have no better proof of it than this distinction which we draw between conventionality and morality. The latter is a term fit only for visionaries. It is altogether too vague and indefinite for practical men. For what is morality? Does it not in its essence depend on something altogether beyond the ken of mortals—that is on the motives of action, not on the actions themselves? But with conventionality it is altogether different. There we know where we are. There we concern ourselves with the tangible and the visible. Neither is it any objection to say that the rules of conventionality are in many cases opposed to reason. Granted; what then? That is a matter concerning which we cannot dispute; for reason again is something the conception of which is entirely subjective. There remains then, as the practical standard of action for the Englishman as a practical man, conventionality—that is to say, certain definite rules for conduct laid down by society. Take, for instance, the case already cited—smoking. Now, as you very properly observed, there is nothing immoral in smoking, so far as we know the meaning of the word immoral. But it is the peculiarity of England that conventionality tolerates in one place what it denounces in another. I smoke in my room; everyone is aware that I do so; and yet my character remains unimpeached. But let me do the same thing in the street, and society would look askance. There is not the faintest sense or reason in the distinction, and it is for this reason I respect it. It is something simple, definite, tangible. It is the real and practical as opposed to the ideal and transcendental."

I could not answer. I could only look with tear-blind eyes at this prophet of a new dispensation, and thank the friendly destiny that had guided me to his feet.

We had some further conversation. I had always fancied that the

English were a very religious race. Their sad manner of amusing themselves, and their constancy in church-going, are apt to give the foreigner that impression. I found however that I was wrong. My entertainer had read Strauss in a translation, and the first chapter of Rénan in the original. On the strength of these achievements he was what he called a Rationalist. As far as I could grasp his views, which, owing either to my imperfect acquaintance with the language, or to the want of a proper organ for the apprehension of religious and metaphysic truth, seemed to me a little contradictory, he was a kind of Protestant-Pantheistic-neo-Platonist. He ascribed, however, a certain literary value to the Bible.

I am almost ashamed to tell thee, my beloved, what my next remark was. The fact is that the superb concretion of comfort and philosophy who, with a god-like air of assumed superiority, still balanced himself, cloud-compelling, in the easy-chair, had by this time absorbed me to such an extent that I scarce wist what I was saying. Under these circumstances my evil genius prompted me to give the most sudden and inexplicable wrench to the conversation.

"How much further money goes in Germany than in England!" I said.

I do not wonder that he fixed his stern, protuberant eyes upon me in a Gorgon-like manner. The remark was no doubt mean, pitiful, irrelevant. Here had this gorgeous favourite of fortune been unfolding before my eyes a whole system of moral and religious philosophy, and I had nothing better to give in return than this commonplace remark, which on the most favourable construction, could not be held to belong to a higher region than that of Political Economy. I felt that I had disgraced myself and my nation, and was really thankful to my host when, repressing a smile of contempt, he said:

"Would you give me an illustration of your meaning, Dr. Gottlob?"

I felt tempted to fall at his feet, and, owning that I had had no meaning, entreat his forgiveness for this vagary of my tongue. But the recollection that I too was a graduate, though of so vastly inferior an University as Göttingen, restrained me, and I replied:

"Well, for example, one of the richest—if not the richest—University in Germany is, Leipzig, which has an income of only 80,000 thalers."

"How much is that?"

"About 12,000*l.*" I answered.

He nodded graciously, as who should say: "Thank you for discharging your duty so promptly." Encouraged by this sign of approbation I continued:—

"Well, now, see how much Leipzig is able to do with this sum. She supports an immense staff of professors, has over 2,000 students, provides a considerable number of them with *stipendia*, and a still larger number with free rations—in short does rather more with

12,000*l.* a year than Oxford does with 300,000*l.*; and all owing to the difference in value of money in England and Germany."

"But the education is not so good."

"I suppose not," I answered, humbly. "It is true a philologist would not with us be able to take a degree, even if he had only one mistake in his Latin prose, but——"

"You do not understand me," he interrupted; "you are confounding education with instruction. We turn out gentlemen at Oxford."

I had at the moment no reply to this. I shared M. Taine's inability to comprehend precisely the meaning of this mysterious word, "gentleman." That it was consistent with ignorance, immorality, and superciliousness, I had already during my short sojourn in England had abundant opportunities of remarking. It was only last night when, lying in my bed, I had leisure to track thought to its ultimate recesses, that the true meaning of the word flashed upon me. A gentleman is conventionality in the concrete.

However, as I have said, I had not at the time of the conversation I am reproducing made this important discovery. So when my host informed me that it was the proudest boast of Oxford to turn out gentlemen, I could only give a silent assent to his dictum. In order to say something, I remarked,—

"Of course I would not for a moment compare such names as Tischendorf, the theologian; the brothers Weber, and Ludwig, the physiologists; Kolbe, the chemist, &c., with the names of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who shed such glory upon Oxford."

My host looked pleased at this spontaneous tribute to the superiority of his University; and it was, I verily believe, out of condescending kindness towards a foreigner who knew his place, rather than from any desire to exhibit the universality of his knowledge, that he replied,—

"Oh, we have heard of Tischendorf. Didn't he discover a manuscript somewhere? As to the other swells I am afraid they are not so well known."

The blood leapt to my face in a flush of proud gratification. An Oxford Fellow was not above allowing that he had heard of Tischendorf. After this I felt that I could contentedly exclaim: "*vixi*," and meet my death, whenever it should occur, almost without a sigh. Neither in full view of this enormous concession, was I so ungrateful as to repine because my host did not chance to know the other "swells." True, the experiments of the brothers Weber had, as we in Germany fondly thought, given a new aspect to the laws of sensation, and paved the way for the greatest physiological discovery of modern times—the so-called psycho-physical law. And so of our other celebrities. But, after all, might not this be mere continental conceit and narrow-mindedness? The experience

of that day had taught me that, as truth resides in a well, so real untrammelled thought and scientific knowledge can only flourish on an island. Discovery not more strange than true.

I had heard and seen enough for one day. I took leave of my hospitable teacher. My brain surcharged with information and throbbing with excess of thought, I staggered into the street. With difficulty I made my way to the station. My head still aches as I write this letter. But I have learnt in one day what most Germans do not learn in a life-time. I have formed an adequate idea of the wealth and wisdom of these English. Would that I were an Englishman! I go to-day to our Ambassador to ask how long it would take me to become naturalised. If any reasonable time will suffice, I enter at Oxford as Undergraduate. I feel every symptom of the future Fellow fermenting in my blood. The change need not interfere for any length of time with our connubial happiness,\* for, once appointed, I need never reside at Oxford. No; embosomed in some shady retreat of our beloved Fatherland, we will live upon the income which a grateful University bestows on those who turn their backs upon her. Farewell!

Thy loving

HERMANN.

\* Dr. Gottlob seems not to be aware of the ineligibility of married men for Fellowships; for I cannot for a moment imagine that he would wish to conceal his double blessedness from the electors. The Oxford reader will probably detect many other indications of the learned Doctor's stay in Oxford having been a trifle too short and hurried. Had he remained a little longer, he might possibly have discovered that even Oxford is not so absolutely perfect as he would seem to consider it.—Ed.

## MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO DE TREMENS & CO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COTTON LORD."

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I AM an old commercial. I have been on the road nearly thirty years, during which time I have managed to make our house at Rockdale the most famous in the trade for Welsh flannels and railway rugs.

My success, however, with my customers has not so much depended upon the goodness or cheapness of the goods I had to offer, as upon my personal abilities to please all sorts of people. I can sing a good song, and tell a funny story. I can drink wine, beer, or whisky, in any reasonable quantities, without growing dull or drunk. I can even sit with a teetotal customer for mortal hours, over a cup or two of tea, without swearing, always providing there is a fair chance of a line in my order-sheet.

One day last month, I was journeying in my gig from Shrewsbury to Chester; the day was dull and damp, and a Scotch mist pervaded creation; the hedgerows on either side of the road, the people I met or overtook, the cows and sheep in the fields, the crows and sparrows, the houses I passed, seemed utterly miserable, wet through, done up, and mystified. I have weathered many a storm, have been wet and dry again two or three times a day; I have been spilt into ditches, pitched into hedges, and against stone walls; I have been robbed and nobbed by footpads and life-preservers; but never before had I lost the natural buoyancy and jollity of my disposition. On the morning of the day in question, however, I felt like all things animate and inanimate—to speak commercially, fozzled. Of course I had my remedy with me in my driving-box, which I soon pressed into service; it was a pint flask, full of the purest Glenlivet. "This is balm of Gilead for any weather," thought I as I took my first dose. My mouth exactly holds one-eighth of a pint.

Hundreds of gallons have travelled the same way, but I believe ambrosial nectar could never have been so grateful to a thirsty god as that streak of liquid sunshine was to me. I felt my chest expand, and my mind's eye could see my other eyes sparkle with a glint of their usual fire. What cared I for wet without? The whisky within was proof against watery particles, and defied them in any shape. So, taking another drink to make sure I had not served out short measure on the previous occasion, I jogged on, sometimes musing on my past, sometimes speculating as to my future, refreshing my memory and spurring my hopes with spirits of the Elixir,



until in due course I arrived at "The Red Dragon" at Chester, full of my usual spirits, and with an empty flask.

By the time a hissing-hot rump steak was ready for absorption into my system, I had duly sent off my dispatches to our house. Business first, pleasure afterwards; so I sat down to my dinner pint of sherry, then had a drop of brandy to assist digestion, and then my usual forty winks.

I considered I had now fairly got through the business of the day, and, brightening up, I called for my pipe and jorum of toddy, and, resigning myself to the soothing influence of the weed and whisky, I waited patiently for an arrival to spend the evening with; for I was alone in the commercial room, and the only sounds cognisable to my senses were those of the rain pelting away at the window, and the hollow rumbling of stray vehicles over the paving-stones.

I did not count,—I never do,—but I believe; I had arrived at my fifth grog and pipe, when, feeling chill, I drew the heavy arm-chair closer to the fire: this little act occupied several minutes, for the bandy legs of the stupid old chair would make for themselves a place under the hearth-rug. I tried to circumvent the awkward limbs, and temporised with my toe; but the more I kept on wanting to get them right, the more they kept on not wanting to be righted, and, being fidgety in all little matters of personal comfort, I was positively obliged, at the risk of a rush of blood to the head, to lift the club-footed old chair with one hand, and to lay the refractory corner of the rug with the other.

When, by this effort of exhausted nature, I had accomplished my object, I took a stiff pull at my replenished toddy, filled my pipe and lighted it, and, with the feelings of a man who has obtained a victory, I threw myself into my late enemy's lap, pinched his mahogany old arms with my elbows, stretched out my feet upon the fender, and laughed outright at my triumph, with my usual jolly Ha! ha! till the room rang again.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" till the room rang again, followed like an echo the Ha! ha! that originally belonged to me.

To my surprise and delight, I found an arrival had ensconced himself in the fellow chair to mine, had his jorum of toddy on the other corner of the mantel, his pipe in full blast, his elbows on the mahogany arms of my late enemy's own brother, and his toes almost touching mine on the fender!

I looked at the arrival, and the arrival looked at me. I bowed to him, and received a courteous bend in return.

"Wet night," said I.

"Wet night," said he.

"And cold," said I.

"And cold," said he.

"Nice fire," said I.



"Nice fire," said he.

He seemed to try to give his words my exact intonation.

He was mocking me!

"Damn it!" said I, and laughed.

"Damn it!" said he, and laughed—laughed so much like me, that I could not distinguish any difference, either in quantity or quality; he was right to a single Ha!

I took another pull at my toddy, and so did he! I smoked my pipe serenely, and made a very deliberate survey of my friend. He became immediately engaged in the same interesting occupation with me. He was a man about my own age, and evinced his taste by adopting a style of costume closely resembling my own. I noticed particularly, that his feet were encased in French cloth boots, with narrow tips of patent leather at the toes, like mine; in fact, I felt tempted to offer him considerable odds that I could name the maker and the number of the lasts upon which they were made. His face, too, seemed to be very like my style of face; there was the noble brow, the partially bald pate, the expressive mouth, the magnificent teeth, the chiselled nose, the—no, not the eloquent dark eyes,—the same sort of eyes though, differing only from mine in one little particular feature. *His* eyes had a red ring round each, caused perhaps by cold or grief; nor could he boast of a rosy fresh complexion such as mine: his was most decidedly choleric—blue as indigo. I concluded at once that he travelled for some dry-salter, and had been fidgeting with his samples,—perhaps, had received a parcel of blue stuff in bulk to save carriage, which he had been weighing out and packing with his own hands into the required quantities for his various customers in the district. Then, having done his work, it was not unreasonable to suppose he had made his toilet for the commercial-room, and had in a moment of forgetfulness used the indigo-bag for a towel.

I am fond of harmless fun, and I confess I fervently wished for a few more arrivals to enjoy it with me. In the space of a few minutes, I invented a dozen funny things to say; the last was so rich, that I laughed outright. And so did *he*.

We sat and looked at each other. I noticed that, when I took a drink, *he* did the same. When I puffed, *he* puffed. If I moved a hand or foot, so did *he*.

I could stand it no longer; I was angry, and I said to him—

"I am not to be insulted with impunity, sir. My name's Brown. I represent the house of Rimmocks, sir,—there's my card; stand up like a man, sir!"

My blood was up.

The cadaverous wretch repeated my very words and actions, and handed me a card on which was engraved, "De Tremens & Co., Wine and Spirit Merchants."

I finished my toddy, took off my coat, locked the door, and looked him full in the face.

He finished his toddy, threw off his coat, went to the door, and pocketed the key! But never for an instant did he take his eyes off me. He was quite ready for me. He waited for me. His azure countenance had changed; he looked fiendish.

The noble art of self-defence formed a feature in my education; when at school, I could parry and counter capitally; my blow was equal to a hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and I could give the upper cut beautifully; but somehow I felt afraid of this fellow, and I looked at him as fiercely as I could, in the hope that he would make me an apology. Nothing of the kind! On the contrary, his demoniacal scowl grew fiercer and wilder every moment, the redness round his eyes became more strongly defined, and his orbs shone with a dazzle that seemed to freeze my blood. I would have given a month's salary, and expenses to boot, to have been safely anywhere else. I looked at the window as the thought rose, and determined to risk a limb by jumping through it into the street below. But I must have passed *him*. His eyes were upon me, and I gave up the idea as soon as formed.

I had contrived, however, to have the table between us, and thus we were face to face. I could not now look him straight in the eye, as I had always been accustomed to look at a man.

I shrank from his terrible stare, and my blood seemed to gallop as though every drop in my body had entered for, and was running on, a steeple chase through my veins, with a wind-up leap from my heart to my brain.

To my horror I became sensible that the table was moving with a slow but certain motion towards the side of the room. I held it with all my strength, but without avail. My antagonist was evidently a much stronger man than myself, and had the design of making for himself a fair field on which to exhibit his prowess. I would have pulled the bell out by its roots, for help, but my hands were riveted to the table. I moved with it against my will: his terrible eyes were upon me.

At last the table touched the wall: my enemy lifted his hands, and as he did so I found mine were released. Quick as lightning he sprang at me! Quick as lightning, I remembered I had a large spring-backed knife in my pocket; I thrust my hand in search of it; but I was already in the grip of a vice, receiving blows that would not have disgraced a mammoth's hammer. I was knocked down; I was knocked up; I was thrown over his head, kicked in many places at once, jumped upon, knelt upon; my teeth were punched out, my nose flattened, my neck dislocated, my skull fractured, my ribs smashed in, before I could even plant one with my left upon any part of my antagonist.

At length I obtained freedom for my right hand ; the next minute he was dead at my feet ! With great difficulty I arose, and, drawing the table to its original position, I secreted the body underneath. Then, with an inexpressible feeling of triumph and joy, I wiped my trusty weapon.

Horror ! In every chair, on every table, on the solemn old clock, on a row on the mantelshelf, were new arrivals ! Indigo dealers, all waiting to have a turn with me !

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning after my arrival at "The Red Dragon," I found myself in bed, strapped down. The people of the inn told me that I had been *mad* the night before, and had fought a battle royal with every article of furniture in the room. I knew better, of course ; but I kept my own counsel. I could have told them that I had conquered not only De Tremens himself, but also his awful Co.

## EURIPIDES IN MODERN ENGLISH.—BROWNING'S BALAUSTION.\*

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OF the numerous tragic poets of Athens, the strivers for the prize at the great Dionysiac festival, the very names have, in many instances, perished; others, like Phrynichus, Theodectus, or Agatho, have indeed bequeathed their names, but little else, to posterity: only the immortal triad, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, survive in the splendour of their works, and gleam brightly across the intervening centuries like the three stars in Orion's Belt across the wide expanse of heaven. Unlike those three stars, however, their glory is not equal. And, by a singular fate, the smaller number of columns yet standing supports here the two statelier palaces of fame. Of near a hundred plays of Æschylus, of more than a hundred dramas by Sophocles, we possess, in each instance, only seven complete. Yet those seven, we may well believe, in both cases include the tragedian's masterpieces: at least it is difficult to conceive how Sophocles himself could have surpassed his two Ædipuses, or Æschylus his own Prometheus and Agamemnon.

The less majestic and less beautiful, though still fair and noble, structure which bears inscribed on its portal the name of Euripides, reposes on more numerous pillars: excluding the disputed Rhesus, we still possess eighteen plays by the third great dramatist of Athens. As therefore the influence of his two loftier brethren on posterity has been due to quality, so has his (less intense but more widely diffused than theirs) owed its effect to quantity; since it is in the pages of Euripides alone, that we find some of the most interesting of classic legends: and those set forth to us by a method of treatment which, though inferior to the Æschylean grandeur, and to the Sophoclean harmony of design, still pleases the reader and provokes the emulation of the nascent poet, by its variety and beauty of colouring. Neither does it repel the imitator, as theirs does, with a sense of unapproachable greatness. A Dante, with his lofty Titanic mind, might (did he know Greek) seem a worthy pupil for Æschylus. There are things which Shakespeare could have learned from Sophocles. Yet even *they* might have been oppressed, in the outset of their course, by the superiority of such models; and might have been contented to aim at a place beside them, instead of striving to win the wider prospect beyond. But to the host of poets who

\* 1. Talfourd's Dramatic Works. Eleventh Edition. 2. Merope. By Matthew Arnold. 3. Atalanta in Calydon. By A. C. Swinburne. 4. Balaustion's Adventure. By Robert Browning.

occupy the second and third rank below these great four and Homer, Euripides has presented a pattern if not so worthy of imitation, yet more tempting, because not so impossible to excel; distributing to his successors seeds which, germinating under their careful culture, have produced fairer flowers than those of the garden whence they first came: uttering sweet notes which greater musicians have combined into symphonies grander than his own. Accordingly we find echoes of Euripides, both as to sense and sound, in Virgil; and as of Virgil so of Euripides in Milton: sweet and rich cadences which, having been once prolonged by the "God-gifted, organ-voice of England," may be trusted, like his own "name, to resound for ages."\*

The very defects of Euripides as a poet, his departures from the antique severity of taste in his drama, have increased his power of influencing his successors. He lived in times less favourable to singleness of aim than those of Æschylus, and his works reflect their perplexities; having, for that very reason, more in common with our complex modern civilization than the greater simplicity of other ancient writers. His changes of the conventional and accepted types of well-known characters, the greater prominence allotted to female forms, in the action of his drama; its representation of passion unrestrained by duty; the sophistical rhetoric of his harangues, and his exhibitions of mere physical anguish† as an undignified appeal to the spectator's sense of pity, have provoked the censures of critics, yet rendered the author who ventured on them a link between the Past and the Present, a precursor of modern literature. The gifted poetess of our own day, who (as we have been lately reminded) styled Euripides "The Human with his droppings of warm tears," evidently felt this. It is a trite but true remark, that the tendency of ancient civilization was to absorb the individual in the state; of modern, to disorganize the state by giving excessive importance to the individual. But this modern tendency manifests itself dimly already in the tragedy of Euripides. Its very reduction of ancient heroic forms to the standard of ordinary manhood, testifies to the truth that it is after all more essential to be a man, than to be general, priest, or king. The claim of each individual person to be recognized as more than a mere unit in the family or state, makes itself heard; and one step is taken towards that goal attained in modern literature by a Byron or a Victor Hugo. Again, as a great master of pathos,

\* We have a curious proof of Milton's devotion to Euripides in the fact that, though that writer's "Electra" is one of his worst plays, and though, as it happens, the fine dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles on the same subject have come down to us to overpower it by their excellence had it been one of his best, yet it is neither Æschylus nor Sophocles, but Euripides who is distinguished by Milton in his fine eighth sonnet as "Sad Electra's Poet!"

† The example of Sophocles may shelter Euripides here. The Philoctetes of the elder poet shrieks as loudly as does the Hippolytus of the younger.

Euripides has taught succeeding poets much. There are touches in the most elaborately pathetic of antique situations, the despair and death of Dido, which would have been wanting had Virgil never seen the Medea and the Alcestis of the Greek tragedian. From him, too, Ovid learned how to "ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears;" and a long succession of sentimental writers have improved on the teaching, alike of the master and the scholars. Again, the wish to interest by variety of incident, to paint perpetually new subjects, instead of repeating and carrying to the utmost perfection the few groups naturally susceptible of the noblest artistic treatment, a most obvious characteristic of modern literature, is apparent in Euripides. But above all it is as "the poet of woman" that he is the true precursor of our novelists and poets; and that he stands in sharp contrast with the writers of his own time. It is not that *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* lacked the skill to represent woman. The *Clytemnestra* of the one, the *Antigone* of the other, are striking and well-finished portraits. But they did not love to multiply such pictures; and the interest of several plays, even among the few they have left us, is wholly independent of women. We can scarcely say the same of any one of the more numerous tragedies of Euripides: nearly half of them bear individual female names; in almost all of them a woman plays, whether for good or for evil, an important part. The Athenian stage, under his guidance, reverses the celebrated advice of *Pericles*, and talks of woman sometimes exclusively, always as much as possible. Thus Euripides is the herald of that vast revolution of feeling, the evidences of which will strike the most careless student, if, laying down *Homer*, he will read a few pages at random in *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, or *Spenser*. It is true that the Greek tragedian's notice of woman sometimes confirms the wisdom of *Pericles* by its sarcastic bitterness; seeking to conceal, (as men are wont) while he really reveals, his interest in the object of his sharp sayings. His cotemporaries misunderstood and called him the Woman-Hater. And our champions of women's rights must despise his *Iphigenia* for saying that one man's life is worth that of thousands of women; and shrink with horror from the degrading picture of "the subjection of woman" pourtrayed in his pages. Still even they must own that they there behold the dawn of a better state of things. For deeds always speak louder than words. And no slighting sayings, no harsh revilings, uttered in moments of passion by a fictitious personage can outweigh the fact that Euripides has over and over again deliberately chosen to represent a woman as daring to perform a noble deed from which the bravest men about her shrink. No sneers can efface from our minds the impression left upon them by those heroines of his who die so readily for their husbands or their country. "*Mors ultima linea rerum est.*" And the Athenian poet concedes an implicit recognition of all

woman's true rights, when he owns that she is worthy to preserve home and fatherland by crossing that dread boundary ; and that she lacks neither the power nor the will to traverse it at the call of duty.

In connection with this growing perception of the importance of woman, we must observe that some of the types of female character now most familiar to us in modern romance and poetry, meet us first in the pages of Euripides ; they have gathered increased brightness and beauty as they are reflected by more and more perfect mirrors down the long gallery of Time, but they are fair and graceful forms from the beginning. Here we meet the leaders of the long procession of criminal beauties, harmful but bewitching : Medea revenging cruel wrong by wrong yet more grievous ; Phædra prompted to fiercest and most desperate deeds by the "*spretæ injuria formæ* ;" Helen ruining ships, men, and cities by her fatal charms, yet, like Mary Stuart, fascinating by them posterity as well as contemporaries, and constraining an acquittal by their undying power.\* But here also is revealed to us a "vision of fair women," fair in soul as well as in body ; Andromache bearing the sorrows which Hector forebodes in the "*Iliad*," in a manner worthy of Hector's widow ; Evadne casting herself on her husband's funeral pyre ; Alcestis cheerfully taking her husband's place on his ; Polyxena, the daughter of Priam,—

" Her virgin bed who made  
'Neath Trojan walls to please Pelides' shade,"—

rejoicing that she is not to survive her country's ruin ; Maccaria and Iphigenia, young girls who devote themselves on the sacrificial altar for their house and fatherland. Two of these good women of Euripides survive in undying glory on the French stage : the others are familiar to us under altered names and circumstances ; their characteristic virtues heightened and the outward form of their self-sacrifice changed by their transformation into the Desdemona and Queen Catharine, the Virgin Martyr or the Maid of Orleans, of Christian times. Their frailer sisters, too, survive in their proper persons as well as in a series of imitations. Medea still supplies a field for the tragic powers of a Ristori, and greets us in immortal youth in Mr. Morris's verse. Phèdre is the masterpiece of Racine's secular drama. And Goethe opens the most beautiful section of his later Faust by presenting to us the form of Helen, standing as she stood, terrified yet dignified, when Euripides dropped the curtain on

\* The Helena of Euripides asserts its heroine's innocence as strongly as Mary Stuart's warmest defenders have maintained hers. There Helen is secluded in Egypt, while Greeks and Trojans fight fiercely for her phantasm. But she appears in the Troades and in the Orestes as we have described her in the text ; a different personage from Homer's Helen, and painted with far darker colours.



her more than two thousand years ago at the conclusion of his *Troades*.

One last respect in which Euripides is the precursor of modern poetry remains to be mentioned. His plays tend to excite a craving for higher certainties about man's future destiny than the ancient mythology could afford. Not that this is their most obvious characteristic. For the most part they reflect the current religion and morality of Hellas; here and there even corrupting the latter by a bit of sophistry like the celebrated "My tongue hath sworn, my mind remained unsworn."\* Browning's Pope Innocent is therefore not unwise in taking, not Plato, but Euripides as the mark whence to measure the advance which the world has made since his time. Nevertheless here and there Euripides opens out a road which leads the spectator straight up to that barred portal at which the noblest thinkers of antiquity knocked in vain for any certain answer—happier than some modern thinkers, at least in this that they stood waiting for the light which was to burst through it in due season, instead of turning away from it after it had visited them. Who could read the *Hippolytus* of Euripides and think that he had heard the last word about divinity and immortality? There the malignant deity proves stronger to hurt than the benignant to protect; the hero's virtue is the direct cause of his cruel death, and the young martyr to his own integrity goes unrewarded from the world. Too weak not to need support, he is yet stronger than the goddess who deserts her votary amid the terrors of death, leaving but poor and inefficient consolation behind her. Such a picture might produce two effects according to the nature of the mind which surveyed it: a hopeless and sorrowful atheism, or a hopeful and earnest longing for a revelation of true Deity, sympathizing and omnipotent to help in time of need. Still more significant is the story of *Alcestis* as told by Euripides; for its substance is a marvellous though unconscious prophecy that the self-devotion of love which will descend into the grave for another is too noble a thing to remain imprisoned there; and that, as it mysteriously hints, a suffering and laborious Son of God is to prove the Vanquisher of Hades.

Touching modern literature at the many points of which the foregoing are samples, Euripides may well be an object of curiosity and interest to the non-classical student. He may wish to track the stream upwards to its unknown source after making himself familiar with its broader waters, and may yet lack time or energy for a

\* There is no more diverting instance of an engineer being "hoist with his own petard," than in the reply of Bacchus in the "*Frogs*" of Aristophanes. Euripides conjures him to keep his oath, by bringing back not *Æschylus*, but himself, from the lower regions. Bacchus answers by parodying the fatal line thus:

"My tongue hath sworn, but *Æschylus* I choose."



preliminary study of Greek. It is here that works, of which the four before us are specimens, come in and offer their aid. The three methods which they illustrate seem to exhaust the contrivances at the disposal of a poet, for the introduction of a foreign brother to the notice of his own people. The first and most obvious is that followed by Mr. Browning—direct translation; though, as we shall afterwards see, he by no means trusts to that alone in order to gain his reader's interest for his author. This task has been performed again and again for Euripides, though seldom with very conspicuous success. Versions in one language too often stand related to their poetic originals in another as is the *hortus siccus* of the botanist to the fragrant and glowing garden of delights. They are, we incline to think, most acceptable to those who need them least; who, having studied the author in his own tongue, can supply the deficiencies of the copy from memory, and appreciate best its success (often wonderful, but never perfect) in representing the peculiar grace of its original. Of direct translations from Euripides, we would recommend that by Schiller of his *Iphigenia in Aulis* as a marvellous transcript of the touching tenderness of the Greek. It is likewise to German literature that we must turn for the finest instance of the second way of representing Euripides in modern languages, that of which Talfourd's "*Ion*" stands on our title-page as an English example; namely that of freely composing a new play on the model of one of those extant by Euripides with such omissions and additions both of characters and of incidents as may tend to recommend it to a modern audience. This way of dealing with the Greek drama has been extensively followed both on the French and the Italian stage, and has produced, especially in Racine's hands, no despicable results of beauty and of pathos. Nevertheless the modifications of Euripides required by Gallic taste are rejected by the canons of a sounder criticism; the disguise of his heroes and heroines in the garb of ladies and gentlemen of the court of Louis the Fourteenth produces the effect of a masquerade; and the mixture of modern sentiment and politeness with oracles and human sacrifices renders each Hellenic tragedy of Racine an anachronism of a very palpable sort. It is not so with Goethe's fine play, founded on the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides. Its departures from the letter of the original are effected without the sacrifice of its spirit, which is preserved by an unequalled simplicity and dignity of tone. Nevertheless the play aims at being more than a mere transcript from the antique, and presents to us far more of Goethe than of Euripides: a change for the better in most respects, but still unfavourable to the wishes of those who are seeking the older tragedian's acquaintance.

We have yet to characterize the third plan, represented by the two remaining names on our list. It is that of taking the theme of one of the lost plays of Euripides (or his fellow-tragedians) for the subject

of a new tragedy and treating it as nearly as may be in the Euripidean manner. Nowhere is the task of the diver after long submerged treasures of antiquity more hopeful. For here the waters are clear and not too deep. No effort of thought can recover for us the lost treatises of the philosophers whom Cicero loves to quote; or trace again for the historical inquirer the missing pages of Livy or of Tacitus. But it does not seem so impracticable by long pondering to call back the true image of a play by a familiar and not too superior writer. To sing again the banished Threnodies of Pindar and make the air once more musical with his woe would be a task for the highest lyric genius. To recall to life, lovely in her sorrow, the Tyro of Sophocles, as the Athenians half blinded by their tears beheld her, would need gifts which there is no reason to think are possessed by any living dramatist. But to treat a Greek legend somewhat as Euripides would have treated it, is practicable though not easy; and an attractive undertaking to minds imbued with the spirit of the Greek drama, yet conscious of original poetic power of their own. So equipped, the poetical knight-errant may spur Pegasus on the track of Astolpho's hippogryph to the lunar regions, and return richly laden from his aerial excursion. When alighting from his steed like Roland's cousin in the far-distant limbo, he surveys there the lost treasures of earth, and sees the things of which Ariosto tells,—

"The sighs that lovers heave, the tears they shed,  
The useless time in gaming thrown away,  
All the long leisure of the vacant head,  
The vain designs left unfulfilled for aye,  
And vain desires in number such outspread,  
That nothing fills up so much space as they,—  
In one word, all things lost on earth before,  
Thither ascending, thou shalt find once more,"—

*Orl. Fur., C. xxxiv.*

his first inquiry will be for lost poems; and he will commence his search among vast and mountainous heaps of scrolls and parchments. Where the ancient paladin found airy essences like fame devoured by time, flatteries, vain prayer and broken vow, marvelling at the absence of but one thing only,—

"Folly alone, in bulk nor great nor small,  
Is there, since earth it never leaves at all,"

rich spoils must needs reward the investigations of a man of better literary taste than Astolpho. That knight appears to have noticed nothing of the kind except some extremely bad poetry (Ariosto's only bad verses in the number, as his conscience probably told him); for we are informed that,

"Like burst cicadas, next there met his sight  
Verses which some in laud of great men write."

But our inquirer, disregarding these, would patiently search the vast repository of lost dramatic genius, and return to earth with some fair fable skilfully wrought out in noble verse by Euripides, or if not by the master's very hand yet under his inspiration by Agatho or some other worthy disciple.

Such a flight was undertaken some years ago by Matthew Arnold, and on his return he presented us with "*Merope*." The subject of this play is similar to that of *Ion*; turning, as it does, on the recognition of a long-lost son by his mother. *Merope*, like *Creüsa*, is on the point of slaying hers to revenge as she ignorantly supposes that very son's imagined death. The timely revelation of his true relationship to her, which, in the lost Greek tragedy, snatched from her hand the dagger just about to pierce her son's heart, is cited by Aristotle in his *Poetics* along with *Iphigenia's* discovery of her brother *Orestes* in the victim whom she was preparing to sacrifice, as an example of the kind of recognition to which he inclines to give the palm; preferring it on some accounts to the more terrible sight of truth known too late which chills the spectator's blood in plays like the first *Œdipus* of *Sophocles*. Voltaire had long ago treated this story for the French stage. But it is Arnold's aim to set it before the English reader, precisely as would the Greek poet, the language only excepted. He has done so with very considerable skill, but with some pedantic stiffness, and with no great exhibition of properly dramatic power. His preliminary exposition of the situation is good, his dialogue correct, his conformity to his antique model only too scrupulous: but his personages are not very much alive,—they utter no lines which haunt our memory; the disguised son does not awaken our interest like *Orestes*; we cannot tremble for *Merope* as we do for *Iphigenia*, though we behold her on the brink of a sadder catastrophe: even the critical moment of the play, the sudden revulsion of feeling from hate to love, which saves the mother from murdering her own child, fails, in Mr. Arnold's hands, to excite us to any extraordinary emotion. Neither can we find much delight in the Chorus of *Merope*. The author of "*Tristram and Iseult*," and of so many other charming poems, could have done more for us here had he not been fettered by the trammels of a false theory. The same thoughts expressed in measures like (for example) the linked sweetness of his "*Cadmus and Harmonia*," would have been grateful to the ear. But unrhymed verse cut into various lengths (however strictly according to the Greek pattern), and not always sounding like verse at all, cannot give the English reader a proper notion of the majestic beauty of the Greek Chorus. As the metres of modern languages depend on variable accent, not, like the ancient, on invariable quantity, they need the support of rhyme to compensate their weakness in lyric poetry; as the *Odes* of Milton, Cowley, Dryden, and Gray abundantly bear witness.

We have a more recent adventurer in the same field of research for

the buried treasures of the Greek drama in Swinburne, whose "Atalanta in Calydon" is unquestionably a beautiful poem.

The tale of Meleager, in the later form which it assumed after Homer's time, presents to us a mother causing her own son's death, not like Merope in ignorance of his relation to her, but purposely, in order to revenge the death of her own brothers: thus occupying a place in the first of the three classes of catastrophe enumerated by Aristotle in his famous chapter; that which is brought about by an agent who acts deliberately and with full knowledge of the real state of the case. It differs in this from a story which it otherwise much resembles, that of the Hippolytus of Euripides; which must be referred to Aristotle's second class on account of the falsity of the representations which induce Theseus to curse his son. Like Medea when she slays her children, Althea acts with full sight of the truth, when she casts the fatal log on that fire which is to consume her son's life. Only in complying with that Greek sentiment which, as interpreted by Herodotus and Sophocles, directed a woman to consider her brother as in some sense more to her than either son or husband, the mother of Meleager is no selfish avenger of a private wrong like Medea or Clytemnestra, but a just and sorrowing executioner. The strange fate which from his birth-hour placed her son's life within her keeping, may be supposed to have haunted her with a sense of responsibility for the actions of the existence which she prolonged; and perplexed her mind with a dim foreboding that no other hand would be suffered to replace the brand among the flames than the same which snatched it from them. We have thus in Meleager's legend all the elements most requisite for a Greek tragedy. Man's seeming free-will embodied in the mighty warrior and huntsman, who provokes the envy of the gods by a series of successes terminating in the slaying of the dreaded Calydonian boar; man's real subjection to the dark and awful powers of fate which make a sudden and hopeless reverse of fortune to spring out of that very happiness; a pure form of feminine loveliness in Atalanta the huntress, to set in motion undesignedly and unconsciously the fate which is to crush the hero; and then a conflict of duties, tearing asunder the mother's heart and resulting in the final catastrophe, which leaves us contemplating a noble form mown down like grass and a maiden weeping over it in vain: altogether fulfilling to perfection the office of tragedy as the exciter of terror and pity. Each of the situations implied in this story is set before us in the "Atalanta in Calydon," with great wealth of imagery and much poetic beauty of expression. The appearance of the young huntress, the forebodings of Queen Althea, the muster of heroes for the boar-hunt, the description of the monster's death; Althea's grief at the tidings that her son has slain her brothers, her debate with herself and final desperate resolution; the Messenger's narrative of Meleager's sudden fall, stricken in the moment of victory;

and finally the sad hour when, borne on the stage amid the lamentations of the Chorus, he says a last farewell to father, mother, and the maiden object of his devotion: these make, each of them, a suitable impression. But this impression is, till the last scene, superficial; not driven home by strong dramatic action; there is little dialogue, and that little wants the sharp Euripidean cut and thrust; the speakers seem rather wishful to relieve their own minds than hopeful (like the interlocutors of a genuine Greek play) of proving or refuting something, convincing or persuading some one. There is too much of monologue, made musical indeed by alliteration and filled with a great many fine speeches about the sun and stars, the flowers, the foam, the flames, but nearly valueless in a dramatic point of view. The regulation opening speech of the Greek drama (needful to expound the subject, but artificial and well dispensed with when circumstances permit) is repeated three times by Mr. Swinburne; whose Huntsman is followed by Althea, and she by Atalanta in a series of wordy monologues. Nor are Queen Althea's words in the great crisis of her fate so terrific as they would have been had they been fewer; or so pathetic (though their pathos is of no mean order) as if they had been less obscure. Here and there too the inevitable anachronism finds admission; and Greek lips utter the thoughts of our modern days. The enmity to the gods which Althea from time to time speaks out, and the unveiled atheism of the fourth Chorus, belong not to the days when men were still feeling after the Unknown God, "if haply they might find Him;" but rather imply a knowledge, a perversion, and a rejection of Christian teaching, happily impossible to a Pagan. Again, there is surely a dash of mediæval chivalry in the reverent worship of which Atalanta is represented as the object, and a touch of Christian asceticism in her renunciation of wedded joys to win the favour of her Virgin Patroness,

"So might I show before her perfect eyes  
Pure, whom I follow, a maiden to my death."

Might not the young huntress too have been painted as more free from that bane of modern life, self-consciousness, than the lines depict her, which make her say that to join the hunt in Calydon she has

"left uncheered the Arcadian hills,  
And all their green-haired waters, and all woods—  
Disconsolate to hear no horn of mine  
Blown, and behold no flash of swift white feet."

And would not much of this account of her sylvan joys be quite as suitable to a Swiss chamois-hunter, to say the least, as to a dweller in sunny Greece?—

"Me, the snows  
That face the first o' the morning, and cold hills

Full of the land-wind and sea-travelling storms.

Me, the utmost pine and footless frost of woods,  
That talk with many winds and gods, the hours  
Re-risen, and white divisions of the dawn,  
Springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed,  
And streams that murmur of the mother-snow—  
Me these allure."

On the other hand, genuinely Hellenic passages often occur, such as this lovely echo of Homer and Pindar's sayings in Althea's speech on the rewards which attend on a life lived in obedience to Laws.—

"Immortal honour is on them, having past  
Through splendid life and death desirable,  
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls,  
Lands indiscoverable in the unheard-of west,  
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea  
Rolls without wind for ever, and the snow  
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,  
Nor thunder, nor swift rain saith anything,  
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive."

The chorus of the "*Atalanta in Calydon*" has great lyric beauty; and is more faithful to the spirit of the Greek drama than the chorus of Arnold's "*Merope*," though its outward resemblance is less exact. Irreverent critics will say that its frequent obscurities and the continual predominance in it of sound over sense, only make it a more faithful transcript of its great original. Still for strange conceptions like that of the *birth* of Fate in the last chorus, and for mistakes like the lyric account of man's genesis (one stanza in which states that the "years" had not yet begun to be, another that "sand from under the feet of the years"\* went to fashion man's *spirit*), the modern writer must alone be held responsible.

In the closing scene, however, the lyric lamentations over the fallen hero, with his mournful responses, are characterized by a force and a distinctness which leave a stronger mark on the memory than that left by the vague though melodious utterances which went before. We shall not, indeed, flatter Mr. Swinburne by saying (because we cannot think it) that in his friendly contention with Euripides he arises the conqueror. The concluding passages of the *Hippolytus*, a kindred situation (as we have observed) to the death of Meleager, are among the grandest of tragic scenes. But nevertheless there is an approximation to their beauty, most creditable to the English writer;

\* The repetition of the same rhyme "years" and "tears" in these two stanzas, which immediately succeed one another, is no solitary piece of carelessness. Dante's resolute determination not to use the same rhyme over again, even in a Canto of considerable length, finds few imitators; it has been wholly lost on the author of the "*Atalanta*."

and though we cannot rank his iambics with those of Euripides for pathos and concentrated power, yet we have no hesitation in saying that we prefer his anapaestic verse here to the shrieks and cries of torture (forcible as they are) which are uttered by the dying Hippolytus before the finale iambics commence. It is otherwise with the contrasted forms of Althea and Medea, as they rise to our minds when Mr. Swinburne's heroine (swayed now by the tide of a mother's life, now by the stronger current of a righteous indignation), inevitably recalls to us the conflict and the stern resolution of Jason's wronged and vengeful wife. For Althea's anguish is not painted to us by strokes clear and unforgettable as is that of Medea; her feelings fluctuate, but not with the swiftness and the violence which in Medea constrain the spectator to hold his breath and gaze with awe and pity. Althea's deliberations as to whether she shall strike or spare occupy more than two hundred lines; she speaks once more at great length after she has done the deed, and can watch the fatal brand sinking down into ashes on the hearth, and this time there is much tender beauty in her words as her mind goes back to Meleager's hopeful infancy:—

"O soft knees

Clinging, O tender treadings of soft feet,  
Cheeks warm with little kissings—O child, child,  
What have we made each other? Lo, I felt  
Thy weight cleave to me, a burden of beauty, O son,  
Thy cradled brows and loveliest loving lips,  
The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,  
And all thy goodly glory; with mine hands  
Delicately I fed thee, with my tongue  
Tenderly spake, saying, 'Verily in God's time,  
For all the little likeness of thy limbs,  
Son, I shall make thee a kingly man to fight,  
A lordly leader;' and hear before I die,  
'She bore the goodliest sword of all the world.'

But all this is cold compared with Medea's volcanic fire. Nothing in it affects us as does, for example, her last kiss, when all but relenting, yet steeling her heart against her children's infantine charms by the memory of the wrong she has sustained at their father's hands, she says—

"ὦ φιλάττη χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα,  
καὶ οὐχ ἡμακαί, πρόσωπον ἐγγυῆς τέκνων,  
εὐδαιμονοῖτον, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ τὰ δ' αἰθέρα  
πατὴρ ἀφείλετ."\*

And Althea's resolve, as she closes the speech quoted above, not to

\* "O dearest hands, O dearest lips to me,  
Sweet faces, noble features of my children!  
Be happy!—but in the other world; for this  
Your father has snatched from you."

*Eur.: Med. 1071.*



speak again, which is carried out in her dying son's presence so as to leave his last appeal to her without a response, suggests the story of the painter who veiled Agamemnon's face because he could not hope to succeed in portraying its anguish during his child's sacrifice,—a difficulty in each case not encountered and overcome, but only evaded. Neither can we think the more deliberate utterances of the dying Meleager equal to those of the dying Hippolytus. It is only in the tumult of feeling as yet uncalmed and unpurified, that we are inclined to rank above the lamentations of the son of Theseus lines like the following. Like them they are hopeless and sad; like them they are the cry of unbearable anguish for death, its last and only remedy; but their form is more beautiful than theirs, while anything more purely Hellenic it would be hard even to imagine in English verse.

MELEAGER (*borne on the stage attended by his father (Eneus, and by Atalanta).*)

Let your hands meet  
Round the weight of my head;  
Lift ye my feet  
As the feet of the dead;

For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs of it molten as lead.

. . . . .

CHORUS.

Not with cleaving of shields  
And their clash in thine ear,  
When the lord of fought fields  
Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,

Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken with travail, and labour, and fear.

MELEAGER.

Would God he had found me  
Beneath fresh boughs!  
Would God he had bound me  
Unawares in mine house,

With light in mine eyes, and songs on my lips, and a crown on my brows.

CHORUS.

Whence art thou sent from us?  
Whither thy goal?  
How art thou rent from us,  
Thou that wert whole,

As with severing of eyelids and eyes, as with sundering of body and soul!

MELEAGER.

My heart is within me  
As an ash in the fire;  
Whosoever hath seen me,  
Without lute, without lyre,

Shall sing of me grievous things, even things that were ill to desire.



## CHORUS.

Who shall raise thee  
 From the house of the dead ?  
 Or what man praise thee,  
 That thy praise may be said ?  
 Alas thy beauty ! alas thy body ! alas thine head !

MELEAGER (*addressing Althea.*)

But thou, O mother,  
 The dreamer of dreams,  
 Wilt thou bring forth another  
 To feel the sun's beams  
 When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by impassable streams ?  
 . . . . .

## ATALANTA.

I would that as water  
 My life's blood had thawed,  
 Or as winter's wan daughter  
 Leaves lowland and lawn  
 Spring-stricken, or ever mine eyes had beheld thee made dark in thy dawn.

## CHORUS.

When thou dravest the men  
 Of the chosen of Thrace,  
 None turned him again  
 Nor endured he thy face  
 Clothed round with the flush of the battle, with light from a terrible place.

## CENEUS.

Thou shouldst die as he dies  
 For whom none sheddeth tears ;  
 Filling thine eyes  
 And fulfilling thine ears  
 With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty, the splendour of spears.

## CHORUS.

In the ears of the world  
 It is sung, it is told,  
 And the light thereof hurled  
 And the noise thereof rolled  
 From the Acroceranion snow to the ford of the fleece of gold. \*  
 . . . . .

## MELEAGER.

Will ye crown me my tom  
 Or exalt me my name,  
 Now my spirits consume,  
 Now my flesh is a flame ?  
 Let the sea slake it once, and men speak of me sleeping to praise me or shame.

So the lamentation over the fallen hero goes on, rehearsing his

\* Meleager had sailed with Jason in the Argo to seek the golden fleece.

great deeds by land and sea ; then at last it ceases, and he utters his last farewells. He protests his innocence to his father.

" Yet with clean heart I die and faultless hand  
Not shamefully ; thou therefore of thy love  
Salute me, and bid fare among the dead  
Well, as the dead fare ; for the best man dead  
Fares sadly."

He acquits the mother, to whom he says mournfully, " I would thou hadst let me live," as the instrument of gods too mighty for her to resist, and bids her love him still in death. Then he bids his comrades, in happier times, good-bye, with the charge " Let my name not die." Last of all he beseeches Atalanta for the kiss in death which she might have denied to life :

" Seeing without sin done  
I am gone down to the empty, weary house,  
Where no flesh is, nor beauty nor swift eyes,  
Nor sound of mouth, nor might of hands and feet.  
And now, for God's sake, kiss me once and twice  
And let me go ; for the night gathers me,  
And in the night shall no man gather fruit."

But these adieux (touching as they are), protracted through some hundred and twenty lines, become unsuited to Meleager's situation. Death's approach enforces conciseness on the most wordy. The young Basil was only pretending to be at the point to die when he indulged in that long-winded harangue which made Sancho Panza exclaim, " For one so much wounded, this young man talks a great deal." We must own that we feel inclined to say the same thing of Mr. Swinburne's hero. And the nullity of the replies which he receives from Eneus and Atalanta mars the dramatic effect of the whole scene. It is here that the play to which we have before referred, the *Hippolytus*, stands out as very superior to its modern imitator. The hero of Euripides is, like Meleager, at the last extremity. Like Meleager, he has much to say ; but, unlike him, he contrives to say that much in few but weighty words. Nor does he speak, like Meleager, to unresponsive forms. The father who doomed him to die, while he believed him guilty on his dead wife's testimony, but who has just heard his son's innocence established by the mouth of the goddess Artemis, stands near with eager longing to hear Hippolytus pronounce his forgiveness before he dies. The goddess herself is no unmoved spectator of the anguish which she can only very partially relieve. There is a splendid dramatic effect, to begin with, in the way in which the calm succeeds the tempest at her coming : as the cries of agony of which we spoke before are lulled at the

moment when the mangled youth becomes conscious of the presence of his divine protectress. Let our readers imagine for themselves a wild outcry of complainings, much more passionate than those of Meleager, cited above, and then contrast them with the repose of the following lines, noting how few of them are spoken by the dying hero, and how deep is the impression which those few must tend to produce, when read, not as here, in a comparatively feeble English version, but with all the force and weight of the original Greek :—

ARTEMIS.

Unhappy man ! what a mischance has come  
Upon thee ! For thy nobleness of heart  
Has proved thy ruin.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Breath of air divine,  
Plagued though I am I feel thee, and my pains  
Are lightened. Here must Artemis be present,  
The goddess.

ARTEMIS.

Yes, she is, unhappy sufferer !  
Dearest of gods to thee.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Seest thou, high lady,  
This anguish which I suffer ?

ARTEMIS.

See it ? Yes ;  
But, ah ! with eyes from which no tear may fall.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Thou hast no more a huntsman, servant true.

ARTEMIS.

No more indeed ; yet dear to me thou diest.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Never again shall I thy horses guide,  
Or guard thine image.

ARTEMIS.

So that arch-deceiver,  
Cypris, devised.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Ah me ! I plain discern  
The god who slays me.

ARTEMIS.

Jealous of her honours  
Withheld, she bore thee hatred for thy goodness.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Being one, she has destroyed us three.

ARTEMIS.

Thy father,  
Thee, for a third, her too his hapless wife.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Now I lament my father's evil fortune.

ARTEMIS.

He was deceived by counsel of a god.

HIPPOLYTUS (*addressing THESEUS*).

Most miserable, father, art thou rendered  
By this mischance.

THESEUS.

I am undone, my child !  
Life is no longer any joy to me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

I pity thee, more than myself ; deceived  
So cruelly.

THESEUS.

Would I might lie here dead  
Instead of thee, my son !

HIPPOLYTUS.

Bitter the gifts  
Thy sire, Poseidôn, gave.

THESEUS.

Oh ! would that wish  
Had never left my lips !

HIPPOLYTUS.

What then ? thou wouldst  
Have slain me with thy hand : such was thy wrath.

THESEUS.

The gods had reft my wits.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Better, once for all  
They smote our race with a curse and ended it.

ARTEMIS.

Cease these laments ; for thou descendest where  
(Safe hidden in the darkness 'neath the earth)  
No wrath of jealous god can harm thee more,  
Nor Cypris make thy piety thy crime.  
But I with dart unerring shall avenge

Myself on her, and smite her dearest love  
Of mortals. But on thee, for recompense  
Of these thy sufferings, shall my hand bestow  
Honours exceeding great in Træzen's city.  
For thee shall maids cut off, before they wed,  
Bright tresses; thou shalt reap as time rolls on  
Of wailings and of tears a plenteous harvest.  
Virgins shall love to make, and sing, of thee  
Sweet lays; nor suffer Phædra's woeful love  
For thee to drop unnamed, be lost in silence.

(Turning to THESEUS.)

But thou, O aged child of Ægeus, take  
Thy son into thine arms in close embrace.  
Against thy will thou slewest him. When gods  
Deceive, what else can mortals do but err?

(To HIPPOLYTUS.)

Thee I exhort, Hippolytus, hate not  
Thy father: Fate decreed thee thus to die.  
And now farewell! For I must not behold  
The dead, or stain mine eyes with dying breath:  
But thee now very near to death I see.

(Exit.)

HIPPOLYTUS.

Go, blessed Virgin. May all good attend thee!  
No memory of our long companionship  
Disturb thy peace! At thy command all strife  
I with my father lay aside: thy words  
Ere now prevailed for that. But, ah! fell darkness  
Clouds my sight. Take me, father! lift me up.

THESEUS.

Wilt thou undo thy wretched father, son?

HIPPOLYTUS.

I die, I see those gates which dead men enter.

THESEUS.

And leav'st my mind by sense of sin defiled?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Nay; since I free thee from my murder's guilt.

THESEUS.

What? dost thou loose me, freed from bloodshed's crime.

HIPPOLYTUS.

And take the bow-subduing Artemis  
To witness.

THESEUS.

Nobly dost thou treat thy father.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Father, well mayst thou fare! fare very well!

THESEUS.

Wee is me for thy piety and goodness !

HIPPLYTUS.

Pray that thy lawful\* children may be such.

THESEUS.

Forsake me not, my son ! nay, still bear up.

HIPPLYTUS.

I have borne all I was to bear ; now, father,  
I die ;—make haste, spread o'er my face thy mantle.

(Dies.)

Here Hippolytus equals Meleager in the generosity with which he forgives the hasty hand which has cut short his young life ; but that forgiveness is gasped out with failing breath and words which the "dread arrest" will not suffer to be many. Mr. Swinburne's hero plays at dying. Hippolytus dies before our eyes. And in Meleager we have only the lower Hellenic nature depicted to us, shrinking cheerlessly and hopelessly from death, with (in lines which we have left unquoted) an alien admixture of Pantheism. No word occurs to remind us of the other side of the Greek mind : that which finds expression, for instance, in a saying attributed to Socrates by Plato, that "Hades must surely bestow great contentment and pleasure on his subjects ; since through so long a lapse of time not one of them has ever been known to return to this world, as though dissatisfied with that kingdom." But to Hippolytus his divine patroness shows the grave as the place where "the wicked cease from troubling ;" inviting the mind, if not to rise to the full height of the Platonic conception's grandeur, yet at least to conjecture dimly of a better apportionment of reward and punishment in the life to come than that which tries faith and patience here. Above all, Meleager sinks in the iron grasp of a fate hard to be understood, impossible to shun, which depresses the beholder's mind with a sense not so much of injustice as of the non-existence of justice : while the spectators of the Hippolytus find consolation in the assurance that the triumph of the powers of evil is temporary and confined to this present life alone. The way in which the young hero is raised, through the sympathy of his spiritual part with the divine apparition of Artemis, above the sense of the sufferings of his lower nature, is a grander thing than Meleager's mournful resignation to the inevitable. It is true that (as in Homer) the man is nobler than the goddess : for Artemis says nothing equally generous with the wish of Hippolytus rather to be forgotten by her than to cause her grief by his memory. Euripides is wiser and better than Mr. Swinburne, inasmuch as he can discern the personality and con-

\* Himself a captive's son.

cern of the divine nature in human affairs ; it is his misfortune, not his fault, that he cannot conceive of the compassion of the passionless, or represent aright how life might for awhile endure the presence of death, because able first to use and then destroy it. Thus his representation of deity, by its very defects, cries aloud for that revelation of truth which can alone complete it where it is wanting, and reconcile it where it is self-contradictory ; while, in the "*Atalanta in Calydon*," man stands hard and defiant, prepared to deny the possibility of such a revelation and to reject its offer.

It is therefore with considerable reservations that Mr. Swinburne's play must be offered to English readers as an example of the Greek stage. Its form is perfectly Hellenic, but suffused by the hues of modern poetry. It does not fairly represent the Greek religious spirit. Above all, when considered as a work of art, it takes a much higher place as a poem than as a drama ; and would therefore, if accepted as a type, convey no just notion of the power of the passion, the skilfulness of the dialogue, and the fine discrimination in the characters of the masterpieces of tragedy at Athens.

Mr. Browning's very different method of treatment makes his *Balaustion*, while not without deficiencies of its own, a supply to many of Mr. Swinburne's : and to the contrast between it and the *Atalanta* we hope to bespeak our reader's attention in our next number.

E. J. HASELL.

## LISETTE.

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THERE'S many a maiden sweet and fair,  
There's many a lass of high degree,  
But for them all no whit I care  
So there's my own Lisette for me :  
Come, sweet Lisette, and thou shalt be  
A pearl within my fond heart set,  
My heart as gold shall prison thee,  
My own Lisette.

And in the winter of the years,  
With thee to cherish and caress,  
After Life's storms and woes and tears,  
My love shall grow to perfectness ;  
My own, my pearl, in my heart's gold  
For ever, love, shalt thou be set,  
Our love is love that grows not old,  
My own Lisette.

GORDON CAMPBELL.



## TEA CONSIDERED AS A CAUSE OF NATIONAL DEMORALIZATION.

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A MEDICAL critic in the *Lancet* has recently raised some controversy by attacking the extensive use of tea as a drink—or should I say as a beverage?—among the poor and the comparatively poor. Critics and journalists found this earnest doctor guilty of gross exaggeration; but perhaps few of them know how serious a case may be made out, and has been over and over again made out, on his side of the question. I have long been of opinion that the teetotallers who agitate for what they call the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, have taken up a lesser evil and left the larger one untouched. Many people drink wine, beer, and spirits; but after all downright drunkards are few. On the other hand, the “cups that cheer but not inebriate” are found in every home from the highest to the lowest, and the simple fact that these cups do *not* inebriate makes them go unsuspected. Even the clergy drink tea. Innocent girls drink tea. You may drink it any hour of the day if you like, and no legislator thinks of interfering with your freedom of action. Surely the question of the real effects of so general a beverage not only on the health but on the morals of the community is a very serious one. The bad effects of alcohol in excess are patent to the crudest observer. The red nose of the drunkard is a beacon-light to warn others; but there is nothing in the appearance of the habitual tea-drinker to distinguish him from the rest. Tea may be undermining a man's constitution or his morals and yet no sign of it shall appear in his face. If tea have the evil effects which are predicted of its use, all the arguments which the teetotaller advances in favour of interfering with the liberty of the “moderate drinker” of alcohol apply to the moderate use of tea. If the moderate drinker demands to be let alone on the ground that his conduct can injure no one but himself, the friends of Sir Wilfrid Lawson reply: “Yes, it can; you help indirectly to increase the criminal and pauper population, and if you are a father you transmit to posterity the consequences of the diseased brain which we contend even a moderate use of alcohol produces.” Now, if it can be shown that tea is as injurious as alcohol, though in a way not quite so obvious, every syllable of this is in point; and the attention of the legislature should immediately be called to so important a question.

Our teetotal friends have many of them relied a good deal upon an argument which I have repeatedly seen in the writings of their most ardent advocates. “Where,” says a writer now before me, “where is the Distillery of God?” There is much force in the argument;

indeed, it is a circular, revolving razor, and we may with equal reverence and equal pertinence inquire, "Where is the Tea-pot of God?" The advocates of the use of tea can never answer this question, whether they are moderate drinkers or not. Nor is this the only particular in which the two cases are on all fours. Physiologists have long been wholly at sea as to the precise action of alcohol on the human system. Now they are equally up the country as to that of tea. Some have said, and I believe most men of science still say, that the use of tea arrests waste in the body; but the question is still undecided; and till we know more definitely what is the specific action of theine, caffeine, &c., it may be contended we should at least suspend our use of the infusions in which these essential principles occur.

I have already suggested that the evil effects of tea-drinking may be as great as the evil effects of dram-drinking, though not so obvious. As far as the *physique* is concerned, I shall for the present content myself with quoting the powerful testimony of Dr. Trotter, a celebrated physician of Bath, who was in great repute early in the present century, a man of large practice, acute observation, and high moral and religious feeling. He writes as follows:—

"The use of Tea in this country, as an article of diet, comes under this evil head. The consumption of the Chinese plant is enormous throughout the United Kingdom; it is a beverage well suited to the taste of an indolent and voluptuous age. But however agreeable may be its immediate flavour, the ultimate effects are debility and nervous diseases. There may be conditions of health indeed where tea can do no harm, such as in the strong and athletic; but it is particularly hurtful to the female constitution; to all persons who possess the hereditary predisposition to dyspepsia, and all the diseases with which it is associated; to gout, and to those who are naturally weak-nerved.

"Fine tea, where the narcotic quality seems to be concentrated, when taken in a strong infusion, by persons not accustomed to it, excites nausea and vomiting, tremors, cold sweats, vertigo, dimness of sight, and confusion of thought. But I have known a number of men and women subject to nervous complaints, who could not use tea in any form without feeling a sudden increase of all their unpleasant symptoms, particularly acidity of stomach, vertigo, and weakness of sight.

"*Though fond of tea myself, I have sometimes been obliged to leave it off, by suspecting that it added to my natural shortness of vision. As the use of this article in diet extends among the lower orders of the community and the labouring poor, it must do the more harm. A man or woman who has to go through much toil or hardship, has need of substantial nourishment; but that is not to be obtained from an infusion of tea. And if the humble returns of their industry are expended on this leaf, what remains for the purchase of food better adapted to labour? In this case tea comes to be hurtful, not only from*

its own narcotic quality, but that quality will act with double force in a body weakened from other causes. *This certainly is one great reason for the increased and increasing proportion of nervous, bilious, spasmodic, and stomach complaints, appearing among the lower ranks of life. This fact has long been confirmed to me in different countries, and among persons varying much in their employments.* I have lately met with many severe and obstinate cases among poor tradesmen and labourers, where it was plain they originated from this cause. I also think that the use of tea often paves the way to habitual dram-drinking among this class of society, more than among the better orders. It is worthy of remark, that the finer the tea it contains more of the pernicious quality.

"The nervous ailments of female constitutions, which are often induced and aggravated by tea-drinking, in advanced age are apt to terminate in palsy. And from a concomitant torpor of the absorbent system of vessels, they also very frequently terminate in general dropsy. Coffee possesses the narcotic principle, but in a lesser degree than tea; the same diseases follow its use."

To this powerful *piece justificative*, and on the pathological portion of the subject, I shall at present add nothing; for I must pass on to the far more important question of the influence of tea on morality and religion. Its tendency to produce Scepticism and Infidelity is, however, too large a topic for the present occasion, though I only defer it. Let us turn to the question of Morals.

The vices with which drunkenness connects itself are patent to the dullest. Is there any reason to suspect that Tea and Coffee are at the bottom of the less glaring forms of social depravation?

Mr. Mill in his Inaugural Discourse at St. Andrews disclosed his share of the feeling which has long been creeping over the consciousness of the best men and women in England, that the standard of commercial honour has been rapidly lowering itself of late years. And, still more distinctly and emphatically, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in an article (in the *Fortnightly Review*) upon Progress, admitted, as she could not but admit, that in this respect we had gone back in the most portentous manner. Others have lamented, with bitterness, that "an Englishman's word" is no longer what it was in the olden days. Now, we must remember that those were the days when men drank two, three, four, even five bottles of port at a sitting, and were not content with that. "Did you drink those three bottles of port without assistance?" said a friend to a gentleman who had dined. "No," said the gentleman, "I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira." And the case was typical. But, in those times, tea was an expensive drink, and only just beginning to work its way insidiously downwards among the middle class and the poor.

And let us not fail to notice who it was that first took eagerly to tea. It was the weaker, less conscientious, or at least, less straight-

forward sex. Women are not, as a class, prone to the faults which make open criminals; they are as correct as teetotallers. But is Woman honest? Not so:—

“ Her mode of candour is deceit,  
And what she thinks from what she'll say—  
Although I'll never call her cheat—

(But that is only the poet's gallantry)—

Lies far as Scotland from Cathay !”

Under the fostering care of the female sex, tea passed into universal use as a beverage, and what have we had in its train? Commercial fraud in a hundred thousand hideous forms. There is not a corner of our life in which we are safe. England, considered as a mart, is one vast gambling hell. From the rotten banks and rotten insurance companies, down to rotten ships, it is all the same story. I forbear *here* to enlarge further. But to what are we to attribute these changes? Some secret, subtle, unheeded, but most potent *relaxing* influence has been at work for half a century, weakening the moral fibre of the nation. And what is it? To change the metaphor, let us ask: Where is English honesty? And I answer—drowned in the Tea-pot. Tea has done it. Not, indeed, (to parody our three-bottle ancestors,) without assistance—it has had the assistance of coffee, and even of cocoa (ginger-beer I omit for the present). It remains to consider, however, briefly the manner in which tea has exercised this demoralizing influence.

The teetotallers have often insisted upon what the majority of physiologists and physicians have denied, namely, the injurious reaction which follows upon the use of alcohol. But they have apparently not considered what is the first and second action of tea. We know that Shakspeare makes Cæsar express a profound distrust of Cassius on the ground that he did not sleep much; and some of the worst and most treacherous men that ever lived, Napoleon, for example, have slept but little. Now let us apply this: What is the immediate effect of Tea? To cause wakefulness. How do we describe an American? By the word, Wide-awake. And where do wooden nutmegs come from? America. Who “repudiates” debts? America. And where was a prohibitory liquor law first established? In America. These are pregnant facts.

The injudicious use of alcohol often leads to acts of violence, but it does not stimulate the instincts of craft. It makes people sing “Auld lang syne,” or “He's a jolly good fellow;” it makes them laugh, or cry, or jump about, or fall down flat, or embrace each other, or swear eternal friendship or eternal enmity, or give each other black eyes; it even makes men beat their wives. It never makes men sly. A man far gone in drink never forges a cheque. I do not believe there is a drunken detective in the police force. But watch the effect of tea. You never find people sing “Auld lang syne” over their tea, nor

do they fight over it. All is calm and peaceful on the surface. But underneath! I never drink tea without feeling as if I should like to over-reach somebody directly. I feel as if it would do me good to go in for a competitive examination on the spot. I invent wooden nutmegs and dummy ship-bolts. I think of abstruse conundrums. I long to start bubble companies and forge trade marks. In a short time I experience a general relaxation of fibre. I find I have no physical courage, no patriotism, no love of man as man, no motto but *Caveat emptor*, or, the devil take the hindmost. I am convinced that there is more short weight given by tea-drinking shopkeepers than by tipsy ones. All this seems to agree with the alleged effect of tea upon the animal economy in arresting waste. As it makes you want to keep all you get, it is natural that it should make you want to get all you can.

I invite the attention of pathologists, psychologists, reformers, and legislators to this great question. While we have been turning our eyes upon the more obvious and vulgar evils attendant upon the free use of alcohol, we have been overlooking the insidious action of a bland and peaceful liquid which has been sapping the foundations of manhood and honesty. Alcohol sends a few to gaol or to the mad-house. But Tea acts through the nervous system on the conscience and turns us into a nation of sneaks. Let us, then, take instant action. It would be difficult, at present, to prohibit entirely the sale of tea, but pray do what you can! You do not hesitate to pick my pocket in order to educate somebody else's child. Why should you hesitate to rob me of either money or pleasure in order to prevent the relaxation of other people's moral fibre by the use of tea! I say, let the whole tea trade be placed under instant legislative checks. Set up visitors to go from door to door, as your School Board inquisitors do, and let them inquire into the quantity of tea drunk in every household, whether black or mixed, and the strength of the infusion. Let every tea-dealer keep a register of his customers, and if upon a monthly or quarterly average it is found that his sales go beyond a quarter of a pound a year for each adult, fine him, or nail his ear to the door, or something of that sort. Perhaps the recent reaction in favour of severity would even support you in applying the cat in such cases. All the favour I ask is that as soon as ever any parliamentary rival of Sir Wilfrid Lawson has made up his mind to bring in a bill to carry out these objects, he will oblige me with a private intimation, so that I may take care of myself (I am fond of tea) by laying in a stock that will last out my natural life or (since tea deteriorates by keeping) that I may have time to import and cultivate the tea-plant itself. If such conduct as this on the part of the introducer of such a bill seem a little at variance with principle, it will at least be admitted that it is in harmony with that spirit of enlightened compromise which distinguishes our age.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

## THE REIGNING FAMILY OF PERSIA.

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THE Sháh of Persia is now in Europe. He is the first Persian monarch who has had courage enough to leave his country, and sufficient confidence in his people and officers to believe that they will keep his throne safe and unoccupied till his return. Properly speaking, this will be the second time that His Majesty has gone outside his realms; last year he made the pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Hussein, the grandson of Muhammed, and third Imám, situated in the plains of Kerbelá, not far from Bághdád. There at Kerbelá, A.D. 680, or in the year of the Hejreh 61, took place a great battle in which Hussein, his children and relations, were cruelly murdered.

The policy of the Sháh has for some time been to put the powerful nobles of the country, and those royal princes of which he need be afraid in the event of a revolt, in such positions that their efforts must be vain, no matter what takes place. He either sends them to govern a far-off province, where the inhabitants are scarce, and the revenues small, or he places with them to assist in the government of a province some other nobles or princes who are at heart at enmity with the governor, and who will try to counteract any of his ambitious schemes. This policy is well illustrated at Shiráz. The governor of the province, nominally, is the Sháh's eldest son Sultán Mas'úd Mirza, named Zil-us-Sultán (Shadow of the Sultán), but really the Zahir-ud-dowleh (Supporter of the kingdom), a very old man, and I think some relation of the Sháh. The prince and the old man do not agree very well together, but nevertheless represent one faction in Shiráz, viz.: that of the government. Then, as collector of the revenues there is Mirza Abul Hassan, a Syed, and called Mushir al Mulk (Counsellor of the state), an old man of great power amongst the people, immense riches, and proprietor of a great many villages and tracts of country in Fárs. The Kalanter of Shiráz, or Mayor, is Ali Muhammed Khán, called Kavám al Mulk (prop of the kingdom), grandson of the Ibrahim Khán who placed the first Kájár King firmly on the throne by betraying Lutf Ali Khán, the last Zend, also very rich, a great landed proprietor, and much liked by the people. The Kavám is the *bête noire* of the Mushir, who in turn is that of the Kavám. The enmity between these two noblemen has at times been so great that their dependants have had regular pitched battles, and have sacked each other's houses, and committed all manner of outrages. There are therefore at Shiráz three counteracting forces. If two of these were to form an offensive and defensive alliance, (which, however, the

Sháh knows to be impossible,) the present dynasty would have no chance whatever in the south of Persia. And so it is in other parts of Persia. The only classes of whom the Sháh stood in any fear were the priests, the mullas and Syeds. The Sháh has some very good ideas ; immediately he goes to Kerbelá on a pilgrimage, he becomes a better Mussulman than before. He can now prefix to his name the title of Kerbelái, which denotes a person who has made the pilgrimage to Kerbelá. The priesthood now support him. Last year, the day of the Aid-i-norúz, the vernal equinox, fell in the month of Muharrem, the month during which Imám Hassein was killed, and during which the good Mussulmans do nothing but mourn the Imám's death, abstain from all frivolous discourses, dress themselves in black, put on doleful faces, &c. Every year on the day of the vernal equinox, great festivities take place. Presents are received and given by almost every one in the country ; and the Sháh on that day always holds a grand levee, at which he receives the presents and peace-offerings of his rich subjects. Various festivities take place during the day, which winds up with grand displays of fireworks. The Sháh, however, to please the priests, forbade all festivities, held no levee, and religiously fulfilled all the ceremonies of mourning. In the event of a revolt, therefore, the priests, who are the most powerful party in the country, would take the Sháh's part, and he could not help being victorious. Having made everything safe in his empire, he can safely leave it for some time, and go to Europe, to see with his own eyes those wonders of the Feringees of which he has heard so much. As many of the readers of *Saint Pauls* will probably see the "Kebleh álem, the sovereign whose elevation vies with that of the planet Saturn, to whom the sun serves for a banner, whose splendour equals that of the heavens, whose armies are more numerous than the stars, whose greatness is like that of Jemshíd, and whose munificence is like that of Darius; the sovereign who is the inheritor of the throne of the Kaiánians, Násr-ed-dín Sháh, King of Kings, the son of Kings, the great and mighty and absolute emperor of Persia,"\* some particulars regarding the origin of his family, and the deeds of his ancestors, will not be out of place here.

The family name of the present dynasty, is Kájár. I have seen somewhere that this name originated at the time of Sháh Abbas I. (17th century) and means "fugitive" in Turkish, because the head of the tribe fled to Sháh Abbas for protection. The name Kájár is however spoken of as early as A. D. 1296, as the following history will show.

\* This tirade is a literal translation of the Sháh's titles as they appear in any firman or paper which bears the Sháh's signature. Kebleh is the place to which a person turns his face while praying, Kebleh álem the Kebleh of the world. Jemshíd was the 4th monarch of the Pishdádian Kings. Kaiánian is the name given to the race of kings of which Kai Kobád (the Dejoces of Herodotus) was the founder (a. c. 710).



The Kájárs trace their descent from Terek, son of Japhet, son of Noah. Their origin is Turkish (not of Turkey, but of Turkestan, Central Asia), and they were in the 13th century divided into three branches, the Suldús, the Tengkút, and the Jeláyer. The first branch never came to Persia, the second became incorporated with the Moghuls, the third, the Jeláyer, settled in Irán (Persia), in Huláku Khán's time. Huláku Khán, the grandson of Chengéz Khán, received the government of Irán from his brother Mangú Khán, Emperor of Moghulistán, in the year 1253. When Huláku marched against Bághdád, A. D. 1258, he was in need of men to guard the western Persian frontiers, and Mangú Khán ordered two out of every ten householders of the Moghuls, to go to Persia. 100,000 men left Turkestan in this manner and settled in Persia. Among these 100,000 was Serták Náyán, son of Saba Náyán, son of Jeláyer, son of Nerún. He was, however, made an officer in Huláku Khán's army, and marched with him towards Bághdád. This city was taken by the Moghuls A. D. 1258, Al Mostasem, the last Khalíph of the Abbasides, was killed, together with 1,600,000 of the inhabitants. Huláku Khán died A. D. 1264, and Abáká Khán, who succeeded him, made Serták instructor and governor of his children, with the title of Attabeg. Then came Nicudár, the apostate from the Christian faith, who reigned two years till he was assassinated by Arghún Khán. The latter gave Serták the government of the country between the Jeikún river (Oxus) and the town of Rey (near the present Teherán). Arghún Khán reigned seven years, and was succeeded by Kai Khatú Khán, known as the introducer of paper money in Persia; he reigned three years and was slain by Baidú Khán, who in his turn was killed by Gházán Khán, the seventh Moghul Khán of Irán. During Gházán's reign, Serták Náyán died, and his son Kájár Náyán became chief of the Jeláyer tribe. Kájár Náyán had many children, many tribes joined him, and all took the name of Kájár. This was in the latter years of the 13th century. At the end of the Moghul dynasty in Persia, during the reign of Abú Saïd, son of Uljaitú Khán, in the year 1335, all Kájárs settled in Syria; but A. D. 1400 when Teimúr Lang (Tamerlane) marched to Egypt and Damascus, they were ordered to proceed to Persia, and thence return to Turkestan to their original dwelling places. All, however, did not go; many remained and made their residence in the northern parts of the province Azerbáiján, near Ganjeh. When Teimúr's dynasty was near its end, Hassan beg, son of Ali, son of Osman, became chief of the tribe, and his descendants kept this position for 43 generations. A. D. 1586 Sháh Abbas ordered a part of the Kájárs to go to Astrábád, Mubarekábád, and as far as the river Gurgán, and the remainder to go more to the southward. The greater part of the tribe settled near Astrábád and Mubarekábád. Those who lived on the upper side of

Mubarekábád came to be called Kájár Yukhári básh, and those on the lower side Asháká básh; the other part settled near Muredsháhján to guard the frontier against the attacks of the Turkománs. Sháh Abbas thus separated the Kájárs because he feared that they would become too powerful for him to manage if they remained together. The Kájárs were at this time known for their riches, their great courage and personal strength. Regarding the latter it is related that one Kájár once defeated 200 Affgháns. Sháh Abbas was of the Saffavíehs (descendants of Sheikh Saffi), and the Kájárs always remained faithful to the kings of that race. Before this time they had given proofs of their friendship to the Saffavíehs, being one of the seven tribes which helped to raise Sháh Ismail (the first Saffavíeh ruler) to the throne, and the first to consecrate their swords to the defence of the Shíah sect; Sháh Ismail's mother was of the Kájár tribe. These seven tribes were called the Kizil básh tribes, that is, "the red-headed tribes," on account of their wearing red caps, and even now the Turks, when speaking of the Persians, often call them Kizil básh.

The chief of the Yukhári básh tribe had always been considered chief of all the Kájárs till Fath Ali Khán, of the lower, or Asháká básh tribe, came into power. This happened as follows:—Fath Ali Khán had two brothers, Fazl Ali beg and Mehr Ali beg, and their mother was Shehrbánuýeh, who was celebrated in all Astrábád and Mázenderán for her beauty and virtue. The Governor of Astrábád, Muhammed Khán Turkomán, was persuaded by Mirza Ahmed Kávigní, his vazír, a personal enemy of Fath Ali Khán to take the fortress Mubarekábád, and to seize the three brothers and their mother. Muhammed Khán went to work by first making friendship with some Kájár nobles and alienating them from Fath Ali Khán. He then suddenly appeared before Mubarekábád with a numerous army, and before the three brothers had time to defend themselves they were his prisoners. A short time after, Fath Ali Khán managed to escape, but his two brothers were put to death by their former friends, some members of the Asháká básh. Fath Ali Khán returned with some Yemut Turkomans, retook Mubarekábád, killed Muhammed Khán, the treacherous Governor of Astrábád, and his vazír, and was acknowledged chief of all the Kájárs. In the year 1722 A.D., when the Affghans, under Mahmúd, were surrounding Isfahán, Fath Ali Khán, with about 1000 men, went to the assistance of Sháh Sultán Hussein, the Saffavíeh king, and did much damage to the Affghans. The courtiers grew jealous of Fath Ali Khán's successes and fame, and persuaded the king to send him away, hinting that Fath Ali Khán was working for his own benefit, viz., the usurpation of the crown. Fath Ali Khán, as soon as he heard this, returned to Astrábád. Isfahán was soon after taken by the Affghans (October 1722), and the king, after suffering many indignities at their hands, abdicated in favour of

Mahmúd. The Affghans on the march northwards reached Teherán, when the people of that town sent to Fath Ali Khán for succour, which he at once came to render. He met the Affghan army near Ibrahim Abád in Veramín, somewhat to the east of Teherán, and after fighting for a whole day he completely routed the Affghans. The brave Kájár chief now heard of Sháh Tahmásp the second's march from Azerbáiján to Mázenderán. He met Tahmásp at Sári, in Mázenderán, collected an army, and marched with him to Meshed, the capital of Khorasán, which place they took in September, 1726. Fath Ali Khán was here assassinated, at the instigation of Nádir Kulí, the low upstart who soon after became a monarch rivalling Mahmúd of Ghizni, Chengiz Khán and Teimúr Lang, the celebrated Nádir Sháh. Fath Ali Khán left two sons, Muhammad Hassan Khán and Muhammad Hussein Khán. The latter died when very young; the former fled to the Turkománs as soon as he heard of his father's death. He remained some time with the Turkománs, but eventually with their help repossessed himself of Astrábád, putting the Governor, Zamán beg, to flight. This Zamán beg, on his way east, near Attak fell in with Behbúd Khán, one of Nádir's generals; the two returned to Astrábád against Muhammad Hassan Khán, but were defeated near the Gurgán river. Zamán Khán now fled straight to Nádir, and Muhammad Hassein Khán, a Kájár, was sent with many men against the rebellious Kájárs at Astrábád. This time Muhammad Hassan Khán was defeated, and many of his followers were killed at the capture of Astrábád by Nádir's army. Nádir immediately sent a messenger to the Turkomán tribe, to whom the defeated Muhammad Hassan Khán had fled, ordering them to deliver the fugitive into his hands. Fearing the consequences of their disobedience, the elders of the tribe at a council had already agreed to comply with Nádir's command, when the wife of one of them came to them and said: "Oh, ye great men of the Turkománs, do you speak of sending the son of Fath Ali Khán, with his hands tied, to his death? Take this veil and sit down in its shade, for we women will settle Nádir's affairs better than you;" thus saying she tore her veil from her head and threw it at them. The men grew ashamed, and further consulted as to what had best be done. Finally they gave to Muhammad Hassan Khán two horses and a servant, explained the circumstances to him, and asked him to leave their camp and go into the desert, so that they might tell Nádir's messenger that they knew nothing of him. The hunted and proscribed man suffered much in the desert. He had to kill both his horses, and after wandering about for days without any food, fell down, totally exhausted, in a swoon. On awaking he found himself surrounded by some horsemen. He already clutched his sword, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, when he discovered the horsemen to be friendly to him; they informed him of Nádir Sháh's death, mounted him on a horse, after giving him food, and

saw him safely as far as his native country. There he got together a small army and took Astrábád (A.D. 1747). When Kerím Khán rose into power and "took into his hand the reins of government," Muhammad Hassan Khán raised the flag of rebellion, put on the throne Mírza Abú Turáb, a grandson of Sháh Sultán Hussein, with the name of Sháh Ismáíl, constituting himself Vakíl or Regent. Kerím Khán in the year 1751 beleaguered Astrábád for forty days, but was so harassed by Muhammad Hassan Khán's sorties, and by the attacks of the Turkománs, who had come to assist the Astrábádis, that he was brought to great straits. Famine broke out in his camp, Kamer Khán and Shuja ud-dín, both of the Zend family, and Kerím's relatives, were killed. At last Kerím had to retire, and in his flight all his baggage and many men were seized by the Kájárs. The Mázenderánis, who were attached to Kerím Khán, now began war, and under Makím Khán of Sári, and Sabz Alí Khán of Láríján, attacked Muhammad Hassan Khán near Barfurúsh. Makím Khán was wounded by a cannon shot, was taken prisoner, and his army fled. By Muhammad Hassan Khán's orders, Makím Khán was burned, and Hyder Alí and Hajjí Kamber Alí of Sári, who were hostages, and for whom 20,000 tumáns ransom had already been paid, were executed. In the year 1754 Ahmed Khán, the Affghan, sent 15,000 horsemen, commanded by Pesand Khán, to Astrábád. Ibrahim Khán, Abbas Kulí Khán, Issá Khán Kurd, Alí Khán, and others, all Khorasán chiefs, fled at Pesand Khán's approach, and attached themselves to Muhammad Hassan Khán, apprising him of the enemy's march. These chiefs gave him many presents, among which were the two great diamonds, still forming part of the crown jewels of the present Sháh, the Deryá-i-núr (the sea of light), weighing eight miskáls (6½ miskáls equal to one ounce), and the Táji-máh (crown of the moon) weighing five miskáls. Muhammad Hassan Khán sent the two brothers Muhammad Velí Khán and Hussein Khán, of the Yúkhárá bash, with 4000 men, against the Affghans; a great battle took place at Salzevár, and the Affghans were defeated. Muhammad Hassan Khán then took all Gílan and Kazvín, and near the latter place captured Muhammad Khán and seventeen other Zend chiefs, and sent them in chains to Astrábád. Sixteen miles from Isfahán, at Kalúnábád, he met Kerím Khán, put that chief to flight, and again seized all his baggage. In the year 1756 he marched to Azerbáiján, and there met Azád Khán Affghán. Azád, with his 20,000 men, was defeated and fled southwards; more than 4000 of his men joined the Kájárs, and Tabriz was taken after a few days.

Muhammad Hassan Khán made his son, Agha Muhammad Khán, who was now 18 years of age, governor of Azerbáiján, and he himself marched to Fárs. He took Isfahán on his way thence, with an army of 50,000 men, but on account of a famine he did not rest there.

In the year 1751, he was encamped close to the Shiráz walls; when

many of the Fârs nobles joined him, swelling his ranks with their soldiers. Nasîr Khân of Lâr brought him 6,000 men. After forty days' siege a great famine broke out in the camp, most of his followers deserted him, and Muhammad Hassan Khân returned to Isfahân and thence went to Mázenderân. Sheikh Alî Khân Zendî at this time took Sâri. Muhammad Hassan Khân marched against him and met him in company with Hussein Khân Dolû from Damghân, near Ashref, where a three days' battle ensued. Neither of the chiefs considered himself defeated, but Muhammad Hassan Khân retired to Gulbâd; Sheikh Alî Khân followed, and a few days after, in another battle, the Kájárs were defeated and fled to Astrâbâd. Velî Khân and Nejef Khân, now came to Muhammad Hassan Khân's assistance with 10,000 horsemen; he collected another 8,000, and with these he attacked Sheikh Alî Khân, who was encamped at Ashref. This was in 1757; a furious battle took place; the Kájárs were totally routed. Muhammad Hassan Khân, whose famous horse, Karâ-Kújî, had thrown him into a marsh from which he could not extricate himself, was killed, and his head cut off and sent to Kerîm Khân, who was at this time at Teherân. When the head arrived, and Kerîm Khân was told that it was Muhammad Hassan Khân's head, he jumped off his seat, and ran out of the room without his shoes, washed the gory head with his own hands, and combed the hair, and next day walked on foot after the coffin as far as the town gate, and then with all his nobles followed to Shâh Abd-ul Agîm, five miles distant, where the head was buried as became that of a king. The sons of Muhammad Hassan Khân had fled to their friends the Turkomâns as soon as they heard of their father's death; some, however, fell into Kerîm Khân's hands soon after. Agha Muhammad Khân, the future Shâh, was sent to Shirâz, the others were kept at Kasvin. Hussein Kulî Khân, a younger brother of Agha Muhammad, collected the remnants of his father's army, and was at first successful in taking Mázenderân. Zakî Khân at once pursued Hussein Kulî Khân, who was killed while asleep in his tent; he was only 27 years of age at the time of his death. He had two sons, Fâth Alî Khân and Hussein Kulî Khân, the former of whom became Shâh after his uncle Agha Muhammad. The latter was not born till two or three months after his father's death. Mehd Aliyâ, their mother, had fled to the Turkomans, but Kerîm Khân ordered Murteza Kulî Khân, an uncle of the two boys, to take the mother and her children to a place of safety. Some time after Kerîm Khân's death, Agha Muhammad Khân, on a march to Mázenderân, took Mehd Aliyâ and the two children into his hârem.

In the month of March 1779, Agha Muhammad Khân fled from Shirâz. Kerîm Khân was ill at the time (he died a few days after), and Agha Muhammad enjoyed a little more liberty than usual. He went out hunting on the best horses, and rode off to Isfahân,

which he reached in three days. He was at Mázenderán in a very short time, and all the men of that province and of Astrábád flocked to his standard. From this time till 1795, he maintained a continuous fight for the supremacy in Persia. His road to the throne was paved with the heads and flooded with the blood of many thousands of his subjects. It was only by completely exterminating the noble families, his own included, whose members were in a position to oppose him, that he could hope to gain the undisturbed sway of Persia. After many severe battles and marches all over Persia, after the most unheard-of treacheries and the most horrible cruelties, he succeeded in putting an end to all his opponents, and their families, among whom may be mentioned Sádek Khán, Jaffer Khán, Alí Murád Khán, Sheikh Vais, Syed Murád Khán, the blind Sháh Rokh, the grandson of Nádir Sháh, and Lutf Alí Khán, the last of the Zends. Lutf Alí Khán, after suffering many indignities, torments, and mutilation, was executed in Teherán at 1795. Sháh Rokh, who had been blinded in 1749, when sixteen years of age, by Syed Muhammad, was living in calm retirement at Damghán in Khorasán; Agha Muhammad, on his march to Meshed in 1796, seized him, and by tortures of a most horrible description, killed him. Agha Muhammad wished to compel Sháh Rokh to give information regarding a ruby of large size and immense value, which was said to have been the centre ornament of the crown of Árungebe; the last torture which he inflicted for this purpose, and under which his victim died, was the pouring of molten lead into holes previously made in the skin of the skull.

Agha Muhammad Sháh was fifteen years older than the other children of Muhammad Hassan Khán. While at Shiráz, as hostage, and when still a child, Adil Sháh, the nephew of Nádir Sháh, emasculated him, and he became imbued with that mortal hatred to his fellow creatures, that seeming revenge against all mankind, that tiger-like ferocity, that revolting cruelty, which have hardly ever been surpassed by any monarch of Persia or any other country. He himself fell a victim to his ungovernable fury and lust for shedding blood. Two of his servants had committed some trifling fault; the tyrant ordered them to be strangled, but it being the night before Friday morning, which with devout Mussulmans is a time of prayer and fasting, he gave them grace till the next day, the 4th Safer, A.H. 1212 (Spring 1797). With a fatality which is almost incomprehensible, he permitted the doomed men to perform their usual duties in his chambers, and during the night the two men, who were named Sádek and Khodádád, fell upon the Sháh and murdered him. They fled and took the crown jewels, among which were the great diamonds Táji-máh, and Deryá-i-núr, with them. These jewels they entrusted to Sádek Khán Shekáki, a general of Agha Muhammad's army, in the camp at the time, who also absconded and then later rebelled against



Fath Alí Sháh. He was taken prisoner by Fath Alí Sháh and left to starve in a walled-up room in Teherán in 1799.

Agha Muhammad had two sisters; Sháh Jehán Bibí Khánum was a prisoner at Kazvín; she was then taken to Shiráz where Kerím Khán wanted her to become a wife of his son Muhammad Rahím Khán. One of Kerím's daughters said: "This girl is not fit for my brother; but, perhaps, a mule-driver will take her." Kerím Khán then sent Sháh Jehán Bibí back to Kazvín. Alí Murád Khán Zend eventually married her, and she bore him a son, who is known as Khán ler Khán. When Agha Muhammad Khán became king, the daughter of Kerím Khán, who had expressed herself in so slighting a manner regarding his sister, fell into his power. Agha Muhammad well remembered her, and presented her to Bábá Fazl, a mule-driver, saying: "Did you think my sister worthy of a mule-driver?" Bábá Fazl took her to Teherán and there she died.

Of the other sister of Agha Muhammad, named Zobeideh Khaleh, it is related that she fell in love with her own son; they, fortunately, both died soon after.

Of the reigns of Fath Alí Sháh, Muhammad Sháh, and the present Sháh it is not necessary to speak here; I refer my readers to the many books on Persia written since the beginning of this century. I add a list of the principal members of the Kájár family, where it will be seen that the Sháhs of that family left behind them a very numerous progeny. The Sháhzadehs or princes (literally "Sháh-born") in Persia are so numerous that there is hardly any town in which some of these princes are not to be found. Many of them are nothing but *chevaliers d'industrie*, or vagabonds, and eke out a precarious livelihood by cheating at cards and backgammon, by begging, by visiting people at the nick of dinner-time, and other desultory ways. I think I have seen more than 150 princes of the blood royal during my stay in Persia, but I am certain that I have not seen more than six who were earning their living honestly. Of course, this remark does not apply to the sons of the present Sháh and his nearer relations, who occupy high posts in the Government, with large salaries and emoluments, and do not require to attempt palpable dishonesty.

Fath Alí Sháh had four legitimate wives (*mákúdeh*) and 154 secondary wives, (firstly, *sígheh*, or women taken into the harem, and considered as wives, but without the marriage ceremony or *ákd*; secondly, women who are taken for a certain predetermined period, varying from a few days to several years) and 265 children. Of these children 159 died in infancy, and 106 reached mature age; 101 survived him, viz., 55 sons and 46 daughters. Almost all the 60 sons of Fath Alí Sháh who reached mature age had children, and these, Fath Alí Sháh's grandsons, and again their children, and in some instances the great-great-grandsons of Fath Alí Sháh have

numerous families now springing up, and if this state of affairs continues to prosper and flourish, it is easy to see that after a few more generations the principal portion of the population of Persia will consist of princes.

List of the Principal Members of the Kájár family from the time of Fátih Alí Khán.

*Sháh Kuli Khán*, married Shehr banúyeh, had 3 sons: 1. *Fath Alí Khán*; 2. *Fazl Alí beg*; 3. *Mehr Alí beg*.

*Fath Alí Khán*, had 2 sons: 1. *Muhammad Hussein*, who died young; 2. *Muhammad Hassan*.

*Muhammad Hassan*, killed in battle 1757; had 9 sons and 2 daughters:

1. *Agha Muhammad Khán*, Sháh of Persia, killed 1797.

2. *Hussein Kuli Khán*, killed by *Zakí Khán's* men; father of *Fátih Alí Khán*, and of *Hussein Kuli Khán*, whose son *Mirza Muhammad Khán* married *Fakhr Jehán Khánnum*, a daughter of *Fátih Alí Sháh*.

3. *Murteza Kuli Khán*, father of *Kheir ul nesá*, a wife of *Fath Alí Sháh*.

4. *Mustafa Kuli Khán*, blinded by his brother *Agha Muhammad*, father of *Fath Alí Sháh's* divorced wife, *Bedr nesá Khánnum*.

5. *Jaffer Kuli Khán*, murdered by his brother, *Agha Muhammad*, 1789.

6. *Mehdi Kuli Khán*, father of *Ibrahim Khán*, who married the eldest sister of the *Ferman Fermaní*.

7. *Abbas Kuli Khán*, died young.

8. *Keza Kuli Khán*, died at Meshed.

9. *Alí Kuli Khán*.

10. *Sháh Jehán Bibi Khánnum*, married to *Alí Murad Khán*, mother of *Khán ler Khán*.

11. *Zobeideh Khaleh*.

*Fath Alí Sháh*, born 1766, died 23 October, 1834, at Isfahán. Had 158 wives and 265 children, of which 106 reached mature age. His 60 sons had 670 children.

1. *Abbas Mirza*, born 1789, died 1833, at Meshed; father of *Muhammed Sháh* and 25 other sons and 22 daughters.

2. *Muhammad Ali*, m. *Dowletsháh*: 24 children.

3. *Muhammad Kuli*, m.: 46 children.

4. *Muhammad Veli*, m.: 46 children.

5. *Hussein Ali Mirza*, known as the *Ferman Fermaní* of *Fárs*: 26 children.

6. *Hassan Ali*, m.: 16 children.

7. *Muhammad Takí*, m. *Hesám us Sultaneh*: 32 children.

8. *Ali Naki*, m. *Rukn ad dowleh*: 28 children.

9. *Hussein Ali*, m. *Sheikh ul mulúk*, 46 children.



10. Ali Sháh, m. Zil us Sultán : 22 children.
11. Abdulla, m. : 30 children.
12. Imám Werdí, m. : 11 children.
13. Muhammed Reza, m. : 13 children.
14. Heider Kuli, m. : 11 children.
15. Mahmúd, m. : 34 children.
16. Homayún, m. : 20 children.
17. Allah Werdí, m. : 3 children.
18. Ismail, m. : 14 children.
19. Ahmed Ali, m. : 11 children.
20. Ali Reza : 1 child.
21. Kai Kobád : 5 children.
22. Bahrám, m. : 5 children.
23. Shapúr, m. : 2 children.
24. Malek Kázem, m.
25. Manúshehr, m.
26. Hormúz, m.
27. Eerej, m.
28. Kai Káuś, m.
29. Kuli, m.
30. Muhammad Mehdi, m.
31. Kai Khosró, m.
32. Keiomárs, m.
33. Jehan Sháh, m.
34. Soleimán, m.
35. Fath Ullah, m.
36. Malek Mansúr, m,
37. Bahmán, m.
38. Sultán Muhammad Mirza.
39. Sultan Soleimán, m.
40. Sultán Mustafe, m.
41. Sultán Ibrahim, m.
42. Seif Ullah, m.
43. Yahyá, m.
44. Zekerieh, m.
45. Muhammed Amín, m.
46. Sultán Hamzeh, m.
47. Ferrukh, m.
48. Sultan Ahmed, m.
49. Sáhebkrán, m.
50. Tahúreth, m.
51. Hussein Kuli Khán.
52. Muhammed Hádi, m.
53. Parvíz, m.
54. Ali Kuli, m.
55. Abbas Kuli, m.

56. Kamran, m.
57. Ureng Zeib, m.
58. Sultán Jellál ud-dín, m.
59. Imm Ullah, m.
60. Sultán Hussein, m.

*Muhammad Sháh* born 1807, died near Teherán 4 September 1848, son of Abbas Mirza, the eldest son of Fáth Alí Sháh. Left at his death five sons and four daughters.

1. *Násr ud-dín*, the present Sháh.
2. Abbas Mirza, born 1839. His mother is Yahya Khán's sister, and claims descent from the Abbasside Khalifehs.
3. Abdus-Sámed Mirza, his mother a Turkoman woman.
4. Ibrahim Mirza, his mother a Turkoman woman.
5. Muhammad Taki Mirza, from an Urumíeh mother.
6. Malek zádeh Izzet ud-dowleh, Muhammad Sháh's eldest daughter; her mother was a daughter of Amír Muhammad Khán Kaván-lú, son of the Nezám ud-dowleh, Soleimán Khán.
7. Asiéh Khánum, her mother a daughter of Imám Werdi, m. twelfth son of Fáth Alí Sháh.
8. Azrá Khánum, same mother as Muhammad Taki Mirza.
9. Zahrá Khánum.

*Násr ud-dín Sháh*, born 24 April, 1833 : same mother as the eldest daughter of Muhammad Sháh ; has at present three grown up sons and six grown up daughters ; nine sons and many daughters died in infancy.

#### SONS.

1. Sultán Mas' úd Mirza, Zil us-Sultán, 23 years of age, now (1873, February) at Shiráz, Prince governor of Fárs ; has one son, Jellál ud-dowleh Mirza, and four daughters.
2. Muzáfer ud-din Mirza, successor to the throne, (Valíat) 22 years, 4 months of age, now at Fabríz, Prince governor of Azerbáiján : has two sons, Muhammad Hassan Mirza and Muhammad Hussein Mirza, and four daughters.
3. Kámrán Mirza, Náib us-Sultaneh, 17 years of age, now at Teherán.

#### DAUGHTERS.

1. Fakhr ul Mulúk, married, has three sons, Muhammad Mirza, Abbas Mirza, Amír Khán.
2. Eftekár ud-dowleh, married, one son.
3. Váli Zádeh, married.
4. Afzar ud-dowleh, married.
5. Esmet ud-dowleh, married.
6. Zia us-Sultaneh, not yet married.

## PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

### WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

“Could the assent of King and Parliament render legal an edict which contravenes the ancient constitution of the realm? Penn held the contrary, and claimed for every Englishman four fundamental rights, as coming down to him from the Saxon period :—

I. Security of Property.

II. Security of Person.

III. A voice in the making of all laws relating to property or person.

IV. A share, by means of the Jury, in the actual administration of the civil law.

It may be said, therefore, that he stood on his trial, not as a Quaker, but as a free-born Englishman, and defended the privileges, not of a sect, but of the people at large.”—*Records of Noble Lives.*

#### I.

SHORTLY before the close of the session of 1872, Mr. Gladstone formally pledged his Government to a great measure on local government and taxation next session. He declared that the aims of the Ministry would be :—

“First of all, the introduction of the representative principle into local institutions where that representative principle does not already obtain; secondly, to secure equality and justice as between the landlords and occupiers of the soil; thirdly, to ensure equality as between the various classes of the community in respect to the aggregate contributions they make to the public burdens; and lastly, not only not to weaken, but if possible to strengthen those invaluable principles of local self-government and local self-control to which we look as among the main securities of the institutions of the country.”

“The *Premier* doth protest too much, we think.”

To those who have noted the growing disposition of English statesmen in recent years, and notably of Mr. Gladstone's Government, to take into their own hands and to do for the people that which the people ought to do for themselves—nay, even to do certain things for them which ought never to be done at all—this declaration is calculated to excite considerable uneasiness. We are irresistibly reminded of the declaration : *L'Empire c'est la paix*, invariably emphatically reiterated precisely when war was imminent.

A member of Mr. Gladstone's Government, the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, very truly told his constituents, when speaking of Mr. Forster's Education Bill :—

“There is no such thing as absence of education. All life is education, and our choice is between that which is good and that which is bad. I have no patience with the opponents of compulsion in education, who speak as if they

were about to impose something upon parents and children which you had no right to impose, and from which they may be preserved entirely free, when the truth is that the education of children is inevitably in the order of nature compulsory, and the only question is whether it shall be the education of the gutter or of the school."

We may remark, however, that education, in this wide sense, is something very different from the instruction provided for our children by Mr. Forster's Bill. The education of nature and experience is, indeed, compulsory; but it is so with adults, as well as with children; with Cabinet ministers, as well as with working men, and forms no argument to justify the compulsory training of adult citizens in such religious, moral, or sanitary schools as happen to be favoured by those for the time in power. We observe a disposition amongst our rulers to forget this distinction, and, precisely at a time when the tendency of European thought is towards the ideal of "*Government of the people by the people, and for the people*," the governing classes of Europe, and, perhaps, especially of England, appear afflicted with a species of mania, inducing them to run directly counter to the spirit of the age; to regard the people as perpetual children; to tie them—as it were—to the executive apron-string, and maintain them in a condition of permanent tutelage and discipline, by help of that paternal rod—the policeman's truncheon.

The idea of a Paternal (or, better, Parental) Government is—so long as it is confined to its natural limit, the family—a distinctly moral idea; because in obvious conformity with the law of God. Providence has placed the helpless infant absolutely in the power of its parents, not solely for its protection, instruction, and sustenance during its minority, but also with a view to the education of the parents themselves, in their joint exercise of the responsibility divinely laid upon them. On the expiration of that minority, however, the parent who attempts to prolong his rule over his children by compulsion, is guilty of tyranny. The full-grown adult ceases to owe other than voluntary subservience to the government of the family. Himself a responsible being, he shares with his female co-ruler in the government and education of a new family, and carries on his own education, by performing the duties of the citizen. The period of mere submission is, for him, at an end; he is one of the adult people; bound to share with his fellow-countrymen in the maintenance and defence of the State, as well as in the formation and enforcement of the laws by which he consents to be ruled and governed, for the sake of the moral and physical welfare of the nation.

One might fancy that these self-evident truths were unrecognized or forgotten by the present rulers of England. Maintained, during the exercise of their functions, at the expense of the population, they have, nevertheless, gradually assumed towards that population the

attitude of a watchful and severe parent, upon whom it is entirely dependent for protection and support. This paternal mania is not confined to the Cabinet and Legislative Body: it is, unfortunately, contagious. Every successful attempt at the coercion, rather than the enlightenment or guidance of the people, by their ministers and representatives, is quickly imitated by inferior tribunals and petty rulers, dressed in never so little or so brief authority; the paltriest magistrate, coroner, or policeman catches the infection from his superiors in power, and the paternal tyranny of our higher officials, permeating through the inferior strata of command, gradually assumes the more brutal and coarser shape of those by whom it is administered in its descent.

The system of governmental interference in those private, moral, and domestic concerns of the people which it is an essential portion of the moral and political education of adults that they should rule and administer for themselves, has attained an amount of favour in the eyes of our upper classes, and is already adopted by the ruling class, to a degree calculated to excite grave alarm among those who regard the maintenance and fulfilment of the rights and duties of personal liberty and responsibility as of *primary* importance to the moral health and genuine progress of the people. Even the praiseworthy desire to improve the moral and physical condition of the people, becomes injurious rather than beneficial to the nation, when it leads the Government to overstep its legitimate function—that of leading and teaching the masses to govern themselves. The right, even of the wisest and best of the community, to compel their brother men, is strictly limited by the duty of protecting innocence and restraining guilt. No permanent material improvement, whether of nations or of individuals, is possible, which is not coincident with an equivalent moral advance; and the *compulsory* moral advancement, either of a nation or of an individual, is a logical impossibility, a contradiction in terms.

Moral progress, to be real, must be alike conscious\* and voluntary; every attempt to enforce it violates the divine law of human responsibility which commands the exercise of those faculties of conscience and choice bestowed by the Deity upon every human creature.

There is not, we believe, a single member of the House of Commons who would not hail with shouts of merriment the proposal of any clerical or medical empiric, who should suggest to them the passing of an Act of Parliament to render an individual (were he

\* "Progress is the consciousness of progress. Man must attain it step by step, by the sweat of his brow. The transformation of the medium in which he lives only takes place in proportion as he merits it, and he can only merit it by struggle; by devoting himself and purifying himself through good works and holy sorrow."—JOSEPH MAZZINI.

even of royal blood) more healthy or more moral. Yet into this very absurdity do our legislators perpetually fall, when dealing with the diseases or errors of masses of men; led, it must surely be, by some remaining leaven of the old aristocratic notion,—unconfessed, and, probably, unconscious,—that they are legislating for an inferior race, requiring to be wisely “broken” by their superiors into smoother paces, and benevolently *driven* into more fitting pastures or more roomy pens. Yet if the error of believing that human beings may thus be driven “for their own good,” is gross and dangerous, still grosser is the error of believing that it would be well for them if they could. As the noblest thinkers of the present day reject the doctrine of salvation without works, so is the demand of the masses at the present day—even when merely instinctive and inarticulate—neither more nor less than the demand to be allowed to *work out their own salvation*. However dimly felt or dully expressed, this, and naught other than [this, is the want within them; and it is a want which, when once awakened, is never laid to sleep again. Look at the recent uprising of the poor peasant. “It is for a man-like place and relation, in this world where he sees himself a man, that he struggles . . . it is currently reported there is an immortal soul in him, sent down out of heaven into the earth; and one beholds him *seeking* for this!” And this he must find for himself; this no legislators in the world—were they so many Daniels come to judgment—can either impose or bestow upon him.

A truism! \* we think we hear the reader exclaim. Granted; yet were even this single truism *practically* accepted by our Government, the whole spirit and tendency of English legislation would be transformed. Whatever their ostensible belief, our statesmen do, in fact, legislate as if for beings who neither possess at present, nor are likely to find, the soul for which, as Mr. Carlyle so pathetically reminds us, they are seeking. The ideal of our Government, as revealed in their legislation, may be summed up in two words—*coercion and repression*. The more advanced among those who rule us dream of coercing the public into morality and health; the less advanced dream of repressing the public into order and submission. So indifferent are they to the sentiment or desires of the people, that they are continually led into hasty legislation, offensive to the majority of the nation, in accordance with the crochets of the first fanatic, or specialist, sufficiently blatant or specious to delude their ignorance or arouse their fears.

\* We may here remark that often the least hopeful state for a truth to find itself in, is that of a universally accepted truism. So long as any heretics stand forth to deny it, there will be many believers ready to act it out; but who shall trouble himself to act out a truism? It is quite enough to admit it and pass on. Let the reader observe the countenances of any congregation issuing, mildly complacent, from the temple wherein they have just proclaimed themselves “miserable sinners.”

"The things they have suddenly recognized, they mistake for things that have suddenly come into existence."

It is well-known (outside St. Stephen's), for instance, that the vice of drunkenness has, for years, been steadily decreasing in England: no matter, certain fanatics raise an outcry declaring it an increasing and fatal symptom of national decay. Forthwith do our wise men in high places enact stringent measures, vexatiously restraining the liberty of the sober, as well as the drunken poor. Arbitrary hours are fixed by Act of Parliament, during which it is decreed immoral for the poor man to drink in moderation, although as he turns from the inhospitable tavern and wends his way unrefreshed, to lay him down within four bare, darksome walls, wherein, probably, neither food nor fire await him, he may meet many a splendid carriage\* conveying his political masters to the well-warmed and lighted clubs, wherein they are free to get as drunk as they deem fitting or agreeable, at all hours of the day or night.

Small satisfaction were it to the thirsty poor man, to remind him that his wealthier fellow-man will get drunk in a refined manner on champagne, while he would get drunk in a vulgar manner on gin. Probably he would consent to exchange gin for champagne, if he cou'd. But then the intoxicated rich man will "beautifully roll" home again, in his "soft-hung Long-Acre vehicle;" will even beautifully roll into bed, unseen by any but obsequious flunkies—public decency is not offended. The poor man will stagger through the streets, to the annoyance of passers-by, or unbeautifully roll into the gutter, to his own—public decency *is* offended.

But for such offenders have we not punishments enough already? To compel a sober man to loss of liberty; to refuse to allow him to exercise the power of dignified self-restraint which he *has* acquired, because others have acquired it not, is mere class-tyranny, and certain to foster and increase that class-antagonism with which our country is already too much afflicted. "Better a nation of *free* drunkards, than a nation of teetotal slaves," said the outspoken Bishop of Peterborough, to the great scandal of the *unco guid*, both in and out of the House of Lords; but, notwithstanding the offence it gave, the sentiment is moral as well as true.

Again, it is equally well known (out of the House of Commons, at least) that venereal disease has for many years past been gradually diminishing in England. Nevertheless, no sooner had certain specialists raised a cry that it was eating into the vitals of the nation than our statesmen, faithful to the repressive system, fall to work to

\* "Alas, how, in thy soft-hung Long-Acre vehicle, of polished leather to the bodily eye, of red-tape philosophy, of expediences, club-room moralities, Parliamentary majorities to the mind's eye, thou beautifully rollest: but knowest thou whitherward? It is towards *the road's end*."—"Past and Present."—THOMAS CARLYLE.



endeavour to "stamp out"\* the malady in such of the poorer classes as they dared to trample on in this matter—poor women. The insanity of the notion that even if every woman in the land were periodically *put to the question* by medical inquisitors, contagion could be arrested by the application of remedies to one sex only, was overlooked: the few who ventured a remonstrance at the time were told "the measure is tentative." The gross immorality of such *experiments upon vile bodies* as tentative penal laws, was also overlooked. Should the experiments fail, it was only women of the "lowest class" who would be needlessly converted into brutes.

Again; robbery with violence has for years been decreasing, but a panic having been created by the press with regard to a special method of performing that crime, our legislators forthwith decreed that the National Law—the supposed embodiment of the National Conscience—should seize upon the human brute who has chosen that method, and, in the name of the human brotherhood he outraged, inflict upon him a torture so shocking and degrading, that the hireling who executes it in cold blood, without even a shadow of personal risk, sinks by that very act still lower in the scale of humanity than the wretch whose quivering flesh he flays with measured strokes, to the "worthy sheriff's"† word of command.

It is a curious fact that this retrogression of a Christian country beyond the Mosaic barbarism of "*an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth*," is invariably defended on the score of its educational effect; and men do, seriously, argue that to proclaim to our criminal classes our determination to prove our superiority to them by adopting their own methods and dealing with them more cruelly than we dare to deal with our domestic animals, is the way to teach them to be men.

Meanwhile the enjoyments (God help him!) of the poor man, are sternly repressed by those whose example he seeks to follow. Should he attempt to imitate his superiors by taking the life of animals for sport, it is a crime: should he strive to rival their taste for gambling in horseflesh, it is a crime; should he even desire to elevate his poor mind by the contemplation of the glories of art on the only day left free to him from toil, it is a crime. Their enjoyments are "low" we are told. We know it too well, but so are their sorrows and their sufferings; terribly, squalidly low; yet very little anxiety is manifested in St. Stephen's about the repression of these. What conception, we ask, can the ignorant poor form of the Government at

\* We regret to remember that not a single M.P., not a man among their "medical advisers," thought it worth while to suggest the advisability of at least making the attempt benevolently to *cure out*, rather than *stamp out*, the physical sufferings of the wretched women in question.

† A writer in one of the leading metropolitan journals described with much unction the "worthy sheriff" (Sir John Bennett) performing this heroic office, and sonorously timing the strokes "with the regularity of one of his own chronometers."



all, save as a species of magnified policeman, impassable at the sight of every form of suffering not contagious or dangerous to "society;" yet sternly repressive of the enjoyments they covet, as "low."

Repression! Stamping out! Both of these, be it remembered, are games that two can play at; games that may suit the upper classes well enough, so long as they are the stampers, not the stamped upon. And, even though they should never stamp on aught that is not rightly objectionable to them, still—is this lesson of violent remedies a safe lesson to teach? The "lower orders" are, numerically, strong enough to "stamp out" the highest classes altogether, should they learn the lesson too well. That they are fast learning their strength, their trades unions, co-operative societies, and strikes bear daily witness. Now if we persistently teach them that the right way to get rid of all that seems to us cruel and unjust, is to stamp it out, may they not apply the doctrine rather awkwardly some day, and stamp out the class legislation which strikes those who suffer under it as cruel and unjust, in the persons of those landowners and law-makers by whom it has been preached and enforced?

## II.

The other error into which our legislators fall,—the attempt to coerce men into progress—is injurious in exact proportion to the beneficial character of the aim it is sought to reach. The idle and dissolute are encouraged to expect and demand from others the performance of duties which it is desirable to instruct and induce them to perform for themselves; while in the higher-natured among the compelled classes, the instinct of freedom and self-respect is outraged for the sake of an aim (moral or physical), the advantages of which have never been made clear to their understanding. They are naturally, therefore, antagonistic to a change in which they can take no intelligent interest, and of which they comprehend solely the oppressive side; rendered still more oppressive in their eyes by the fact that it must ultimately be enforced by those police authorities known to them solely by the bull's-eye of espionage and the truncheon of compulsion. We are hopeful that the conviction will yet dawn upon Mr. Stansfeld while carrying into execution his sanitary measures—many of which are, doubtless, excellent in themselves—that the enforcement even of beneficial changes by those police authorities already hated by the poor as the agents of much unnecessary repression, will cause them to be regarded with aversion and distrust, and produce a spirit of reaction and resistance, against which the first Government wise enough to employ educational and persuasive methods, would have to struggle wearily and long. "Man is not changed by whitewashing or gilding his habitation . . . it is the soul which creates to itself a body; the idea which makes for itself

a habitation." Not even the best and wisest of us can "take humanity up in our arms and carry it forward with a single bound, and even were this in our power, humanity *would not therefore have progressed.*" One man convinced is, to the nation, worth a thousand compelled.

Take the case of hospitals, for instance. Every hospital wherein the patients, compelled to remain until cured (or killed), regard themselves as prisoners, will eventually defeat the aim for which it was erected; which was, of course, that of attracting disease within its walls. The terror inspired by the idea of lying helpless in the surgeon's hands a subject to be experimented upon, whether willing or unwilling, will effectually deter the sick from entering such hospitals during the earlier and therefore curable stages of disease. The incurable only, to whom existence is already a burden insupportable, or who have it no longer in their power to conceal their miserable condition, will inhabit the hospital-prison; for one who voluntarily seeks aid within its walls, a hundred will be compelled there only to die.

The chief, we think the vital objection to all legislation by which it is attempted "to reach internal evils by external measures," is the inevitable increase of restrictions upon personal liberty, and the consequent necessary increase of police supervision it entails; fatally leading to the furtherance and perfectionment of the spy system in England; a system which has already reached a point extremely harassing and tyrannous towards the lowest and most defenceless members of the community, and which, if unresisted, appears destined gradually to envelop all classes in an unseen net; the trammels of which will prove as dangerous and demoralizing to the social life of our hitherto free land, as they have proved under the despotic Governments of the Continent.

The alarming progress made by this form of tyranny under the present administration, appears to us matter of grave suspicion and distrust. Already, in 1868, Sir Richard Mayne stated, in his evidence before the Committee on the Sunday Liquor Trade:

"I have now a considerable number of policemen employed every Sunday to watch publicans; taking them from the very important duties of protecting life and property. *They have to practise an objectionable concealment, as putting on a different dress, and generally, they have to say or do something intended to mislead persons\** as to what they really are. These are objections, and the more restrictions there are, the more there will be of this."

\* Our readers may not be aware that in those towns where the Contagious Diseases Acts are in force, this custom of "practising an objectionable concealment, as putting on a different dress," is a part of the duty of the police employed to watch women. The officials who work the Acts, being required to get all the women of the district belonging to the poorer classes under their supervision and control, constantly "have to say or do something intended to mislead persons." The method they usually adopt is, of course, that adopted by all informers, of tempting them to commit the offence for which they are subsequently to be punished.

It is a frightful aggravation of every such unnecessary restriction of liberty that it thus creates a low class of officials, sanctioned and remunerated by the State, whose employment is, in its very nature, demoralizing and degrading to them; and whose power is, therefore, certain to be abused. But the evil does not end here. Sir Richard went on to state that "people evading the law" (taking example from the methods by which the Government seeks to enforce it) "employ touts to watch for the police." A double set of expert spies is thus educated by the State; and that many of the police themselves are corrupted towards their employers as well as towards those whom they are paid to detect, is proved by Sir Richard Mayne's further statement that "in many cases where the law is evaded, detection does not follow, *although the Police know of the evasion.*"

So much for the direct instruction in the spy-system afforded to the nation by the Government. One of the Members for Leicester, Mr. P. A. Taylor, in his speech upon Mr. Hughes's Sunday Trading Bill, gave us an illustration of the indirect effects of the example set by a class of officials, the sole sanction of whose office is the *protective* mission they are supposed to exercise over the people. Amateur detectives arise in the bosom of every small sect or society which aspires—in humble imitation of our Liberal Government—to impose *its* notion of religion, morality, or medical science, upon the nation it has failed to convince by argument.

Mr. Taylor said:—

"My hon. friend, in attempting to give new vitality to the principle of Sunday legislation, is giving encouragement, under the auspices of a so-called religious association, to a new class of persons, the miserable class of spies and informers, who on that day go about to spy, inform against, and ruin other people. . . . I will give, as an instance of *this* kind of Sunday labour, a case that has happened to come under my own observation. . . . There is a poor old woman, living, not a mile from my own residence—in the high road between Kensington and Hammersmith—who sells ginger-beer, cigars, and lemonade. She has lived twenty-two years in the same house, was born in the parish, and has paid rates for forty years. I hear of nothing to her disadvantage; but, on the contrary, that she is much respected in the neighbourhood. She has, however, unhappily fallen under the ban of these harpies, and has been, four times already this year, dragged before the magistrates for the sin of selling a cigar."

There are many other bills, either introduced or ratified by Mr. Gladstone's Government, which *can only be practically carried into execution through the medium of a great increase of the dangerous and corrupt class of official spies and their amateur imitators.* Such are the *Act for the Protection of Infant Life*; the *Prevention of Crime Act*; the *Public Health Bill*; the *Licensing Act*; the *Habitual Drunkards Bill*; the *Habitual Criminals Act*; the *Criminal Law Amendment Act*; the *Contagious Diseases Acts*, and the *Contagious Diseases Prevention Bill*, introduced by Mr. Bruce during the Session of 1871.

All of these are measures impotent to achieve their intended aim, without the assistance of the spy system; whether it be worked by ordinary policemen, "practising an objectionable concealment," by sanitary officers in the pay of the Government, or by amateur detectives actuated by bigotry or interest. The *Public Health Bill* is, moreover, destined to create all over the country a *medical bureaucracy*, to be paid half by the Government and half by local rates, but *irremovable except at the discretion of the Local Government Board*; possessed of extravagant powers to put ratepayers to expense and inconvenience, and over the complicated details of whose activity throughout this populous land, no Central Authority (were even every individual member of the Board as clear-headed, painstaking, and conscientious as Mr. Stansfeld himself) could exercise complete surveillance, or thoroughly investigate. Moreover, Inspectors, appointed by the Government, are *empowered* (Parliamentary for desired) to attend all meetings of the local bodies, and should these disapprove of and decline to do what is prescribed for them by the Central Authority, they are to be put in default, and their powers are to lapse to the Central Authority.\* It is obvious how vast an amount of medical tyranny may be perpetrated, under such a system, by officials who succeed in gaining the ear of those in power. Moreover, while we might formerly have argued that the medical officers appointed by the Government would be gentlemen incapable of degrading themselves or others in the performance of their duties, that illusion has been rudely dispelled in the minds of all who have had the painful patience to wade through the evidence of the surgeons of the Government Lock hospitals before the two Parliamentary Committees and the late Royal Commission upon the Contagious Diseases Acts. Assuredly, no man will ever again expect to meet any regard for human dignity (in themselves or others) from State-Surgeons, who has perused the revolting details related, with extraordinary cynicism, by those officials, as to their own actions, processes, and methods, in the administration of the most disgusting and impotent hobby ever ridden to death by a Government of English gentlemen.

Our space would not admit, we doubt if the patience of our readers could endure, an analysis of the unseemly document which her Majesty's Royal Commissioners have been pleased to term a Report upon this distasteful topic, but we may confidently refer to its pages all who entertain any doubt of the incapacity of the average official or legislative mind—we will not say to formulate—but even to form

\* The centralizing tendency of Mr. Stansfeld's Bill is, however, as nothing, if compared to the Rating or Local Government Bill, introduced a year earlier by Mr. Goschen, but, fortunately, withdrawn. That Bill permitted no local authority, sanitary or other, to appoint or dismiss any officers without the consent of the Central Authority; while it gave the Central Authority power to remove any officer, even against the will of the local authorities.

a distinct and coherent opinion upon any question of justice or injustice solely affecting the poor.

"The late Royal Commission coolly assumes that women who are not innocent (by which they mean are not chaste) *have no right to constitutional processes and barriers against illegality and injustice.* If a profligate nobleman, or a nobleman believed by a policeman to be a profligate, were seized and carried to a hospital-prison and made to do rude housework—were forced to swallow mercury, and were burned with caustic, and confined in a stone-cell—what would be thought of defending such treatment by saying,—‘Oh, he is not chaste?’ That the Commission should dare to treat women as outlaws because they are (or are supposed) unchaste, and should not understand that this must bring down upon them the bitter indignation of the uncorrupt millions, is to me a startling proof how ignorant they are of their countrymen, and how great is our danger from the ascendancy of such men. It would be bad enough if rights over the body were treated as of no greater importance than some new and strange tax. We might then hope that all would be done in open day; that the country would be informed; that the matter would be universally discussed; that time would be given to object; that a full House would attend, and mature deliberation would be secured. But alas! when legislation has been concocted in some corner of the War Office or Admiralty,\* or by medical officers who have fixed places, any government which is too weak to resist the pressure of the permanent office-holders can pass through Parliament anything, provided that those only are affected by the legislation *who have no influence over parliamentary elections, that is, most peculiarly poor women.*"†

The idea of a Royal Commission of *inquiry into the working of the Contagious Diseases Acts* could only have arisen in the minds of a Government so saturated with the spirit of compromise as to have become oblivious of the existence of first principles. It is significant and worthy of remark that, while the public outcry against the Acts in question was raised solely against the *principle* upon which they were founded, it appears never to have entered into the head of a single member of the Government to discuss that principle at all. Yet it was obvious that if the principle were shown to be unsound, no amount of perfection in its administration could cause it to work practical good. The Government, however, simply directed the Commissioners to inquire into the results‡ of the Acts, and even upon this matter of mere detail, the Commissioners have contrived to

\* Some of the most stringent orders issued by these departments to the police employed under the Contagious Diseases Acts, were entirely illegal, yet they were enforced until the amount of popular indignation excited, compelled their withdrawal.

† Professor Newman.

‡ It is true that the Prime Minister expressly directed that this futile "inquiry" should include the "moral tendency" of legislation, *professedly* framed solely for the sanitary benefit of incontinent men, and it is not surprising that this extraordinary proceeding should cause the indignant moralist quoted above to exclaim: "*if any one does not see by his own purity of heart, that such a disgusting mode of providing security for profligates tends to public immorality, how can we in future trust him to legislate about women at all!*"

contradict themselves upon every point. During that most laborious process, the perusal of the Report, we were reminded of the answer made by a Scotchman to an English friend who complained that he had been unable to get a dinner off a sheep's head: "*'Deed then it's your ain fault, for there's a deal o' confused eating on a sheep's head,*" and it may with truth be said that, inconclusive as it appears, patience will discover a deal of confused meaning in the Report. The reader is at first disposed to attribute the confusion and contradiction by which the document is disfigured, to the incapacity of the members of the Commission, and, truly, incapacity does appear to us to be the sole excuse for the "men of good intentions" among them; for, when industry and patience have at length triumphed over the Report—as over the sheep's head—and penetrated the true purpose of its concluding "recommendations," the impression left upon the mind of the reader is far from flattering to the member or members of the Commission by whom it was composed.

The moral sum total of the Report is as follows: The sanitary legislation upon which they were called to express an opinion is, in fact, the best and wisest method of meeting the evil with which it was intended to grapple. A factious opposition has sprung up against it, and unfortunately those who conceived the measures had failed to conciliate the ignorant prejudices of society. The Commissioners, however, have discovered a means of concealing the "anomalous and offensive" character of the methods employed, "without materially impairing their efficiency." This concealment is to be contrived through the medium of a series of jesuitically worded "recommendations," the adoption of which by the Government would re-enact the whole system in a disguised form; especial care being taken to retain its most immoral feature, the periodicity only of the evil thing being abolished, and the intervals between one surgical atrocity and another being no longer fixed by statute, but left to the arbitrary will of those medical officials whose unblushing disclosures of their own practices are their own condemnation, and in whose hands the luckless women concerned would be henceforth "criminal" prisoners, and, consequently, removed beyond the pale of public sympathy.

We need say little of the *Contagious Diseases Prevention Bill*, introduced by Mr. Bruce last session, further than to note the points wherein it was progressive in evil. It was devised, as its author informed the House, in order to carry out the "Recommendations" of the Royal Commission, and by so doing to carry still further the inroads upon personal liberty commenced by the Contagious Diseases Acts. Thus it provided that any woman, convicted in any part of the three kingdoms of the pettiest misdemeanour, who might during trial for that misdemeanour be proved guilty of prostitution (an



offence\* not mentioned in her indictment) should be liable, at the expiration of her term of imprisonment, to re-incarceration for a period of nine months in one of those medical jails, the Government Lock hospitals.† When there she might be subjected to a nameless personal outrage, any number of times, at the discretion of her surgeon-jailors, provided only that such outrages were of irregular, not periodic occurrence. Should she attempt to resist, or should she escape, she might be seized without warrant, summarily convicted, sent to prison for one month with hard labour, and after that month had expired, be again condemned to nine months' longer existence in the condition of a *corpus vile*, given over to the indecent experiments of her medical tyrants. The same fate awaited any woman proved by the unsupported testimony of a single police spy ‡ to have been guilty of the undefined and usually presumptive offence of "solicitation," or "riotous and indecent conduct;" and it is painful to remember that no member of the House of Commons rose to protest against the *principle* involved in this innovation on English law, although Mr. Jacob Bright demanded that the clause should be extended to men. But no extension of an injustice can render it just.

"For what end at all are men, Honourable Members and Reform Members, sent to St. Stephen's with clamour and effort; kept talking, struggling, motioning, and counter-motioning? Radical members, above all; friends of the people; chosen with effort by the people; to interpret and articulate the dumb, deep want of the people? To a remote observer they seem oblivious of their duty. Are they not there, by trade, mission, and appointment, of themselves and others, to speak for the good of the British nation? *Whatever great British interest can the least speak for itself, for that, beyond all, are they called to speak.* They are either speakers for that great, dumb, toiling class which cannot speak, or they are nothing that one can well specify."§

We have dwelt most unwillingly upon the subject of this disastrous legislation, because the Contagious Diseases Acts and the unsuccessful Contagious Diseases Prevention Bill furnish the most startling illustration of the quite unprecedented things which a liberal House of Commons|| and liberal Cabinet ministers have actually achieved

\* We may here remark that prostitution is not an offence against any British law, though practically treated as such by the Contagious Diseases Acts, wherein, however, no definition of the term is attempted.

† Powers for an indefinite increase in the number of these were taken under the Bill.

‡ Had this Bill become law, therefore, any poor Englishwoman might (as is the case now in the districts subjected to the Contagious Diseases Acts) on the mere word of an informer (possibly hostile to her) have been compelled to meet a charge which, being unsubstantiated by positive evidence, treats the accused in a manner contrary to the principles and practice of English jurisprudence, by throwing the onus of proof on the accused, instead of on the accuser.

§ Thomas Carlyle.

|| It is obviously unnecessary to allude in this place to the *Hortus Siccus* bestowed away in what is called the Upper Chamber. We are treating here of the active forces of the State.

and endeavoured to achieve for the people for whose "local self-government" Mr. Gladstone professes himself prepared to do so much; the Contagious Diseases Acts being the *first* example in this country, of local measures carried out by a central police, irresponsible to and independent of the local authorities.

With regard to the extravagant severity of the punishment for "solicitation" provided by Mr. Bruce's Bill, we may observe that sexual incontinence is perfectly lawful for men, and on this point Professor Newman remarks, with unanswerable logic, that "*whatever it is lawful for a man to do, it must be lawful for a woman to invite him to do,*" and adds:—

"Let assaults in the streets be punished, let indecent words or actions be punished, whichever sex is guilty, though it be man to man, or woman to woman. But when words are not indecent, to punish them summarily, as constructive indecency, because it is surmised that they allude to practices which Parliament refuses to declare criminal, is incoherent and arbitrary, and cannot lead to a suppression of vice: while it will certainly lead to an overthrow, more and more, of just procedure and constitutional barriers, and to the building up of summary despotic police and of tribunals subject to the Central Executive. Such is the Crown-appointed magistracy. The grand characteristic of a free nation is, that the *Executive Government has no control over the tribunals.*"

We have italicised Mr. Newman's concluding words, because they appear to us to indicate the true canker of our governmental system—the *usurpation by the Executive of the Legislative function.*

So completely, however, is the false and immoral position assumed by the Executive allowed and accepted by all but a few Utopian "remote observers;" so forgetful are Englishmen of the right meaning of the very term by which they designate the office, that they contentedly permit those *ministers*, whose sole duty it should be to carry out the decisions of the Legislative or governing body, to usurp not only the functions but the very name of "the government."

We hold, however, that no country is truly free wherein such usurpation exists; we believe that the vital reform which Englishmen should strive to realize is, the restitution of the supreme power into the hands of its legitimate possessors—the representatives of the people in legislative council assembled—and the restriction of the secondary, derivative power—the executive—to its sole legitimate function, the execution of the decrees of the supreme authority. It is scarcely necessary to add that the members of the Executive Body should be elected to their office, from and by the representatives of the people, to whom they should be held responsible. The actual fiction of the nominal appointment by the Crown of a First Minister, charged to form a Cabinet by selecting such members of the *de facto* inferior, but, *de jure*, superior body, as he deems most likely to bring



family influence or individual subserviency to the support of his policy,—is a relic of barbarism comically inconsistent with the fact that, in a constitutional monarchy like our own, the Sovereign reigns, but does not govern.

It follows, from what we have said, that an elected and responsible Executive would necessarily be prohibited from the secret diplomacy which has already cost the nation such waste of blood and money, in unjust and immoral wars, wherein the people had neither interest nor sympathy.\*

The purity and dignity of the Legislative Body itself would necessarily advance with the progress of the people. Frequent exercise of the elective function would awaken the masses to a sense of the importance of their duties as citizens, and it would rest with them to send representatives to Parliament sensible of the immense responsibility incurred by those who enact or transform the national law.

“Of all things human and secular, National Law is the most sacred. . . . In all well-ordered institutions which allow of change in the law, discrimination is made between the more and the less important, and indeed, generally, the public enactments are graduated under different names; as the Constitution, statutes, ordinances, decrees, resolutions. The utmost solemnity of forms, to give notice and full time for deliberation, are insisted on if change be asked in the higher and more sacred law. Moreover, every lower law is treated as essentially null and void, if it be against a higher law. To vote without full deliberation is felt to be an injustice to the minority. . . . In the United States of North America, the most democratic country in the world, the Constitution is sharply separated from the congressional law. Even a unanimous Congress cannot vote away one tittle of the Constitution. It can only recommend a change; in which case the matter is considered over the whole country and voted for by prescribed forms. If Congress unawares pass an Act against the Constitution, the Supreme Court of Law will disregard the Act of Congress side by side with the Constitution, whenever the matter comes before it in a practical shape. So in the separate States, the judges follow the Constitution, and not the statutes passed in the State legislatures, if by accident they have come into conflict.

“These Anglo-Americans have only followed out and developed the wisdom of our common forefathers, men eminently punctilious as to the processes of law and of law-making. In old days the English Parliament and its great constitutional lawyers regarded England as the inheritor of precious and sacred principles older than Parliament, out of which Parliament and its power had sprung; also those rights which the nation had with difficulty enforced against its kings were treated as much higher than the statutes, which Parliament might enact in one year and repeal in another. Declaratory Law was the weapon by which they fought; asserting rights as having existed prior to statute; rights which no king might invade. The right of trial by jury, which had come down

\* We may here remind the reader that the people of England, whose sympathies, during the late American war, were wholly on the side of justice and right, are now compelled to sacrifice three millions sterling, to compensate their American cousins for injuries which would never have been inflicted upon them had not the sympathies of our irresponsible rulers been wholly on the side of injustice and wrong.

from unknown antiquity, ages before the modern parliament existed, was regarded as pre-eminently sacred. It so happens that the best-educated and most law-loving community in the world, the State of Massachusetts, was put to a very severe test twenty years ago, when Congress passed a statute called the Fugitive Slave Law, which deprived every dark-skinned man or woman in Massachusetts of the right of jury-trial, and made such citizens liable to be carried off to the south as slaves, without appeal to a jury, who might have established that they were freeborn. Massachusetts did not abandon them for being her weakest citizens; but passed laws of her own to defeat the law of Congress, and justified it by the plain declaration, that to overthrow the jury-law was beyond the power of Congress, and if persisted in by violence would justify political secession—that is to say, revolution. Our forefathers felt and talked in the very same way, if a king tried to overthrow jury-trial, or to imprison citizens by the mere power of the executive. Nothing but imminent public danger and supreme necessity have been held to justify the suspension of even Habeas Corpus, a much later enactment. It is only in quite recent days that, under cover of the doctrine that Parliament is omnipotent, men daringly sweep away all the sacredness of Constitutional Law, give summary powers to petty officers, magistrates, and surgeons, and equalize our most sacred rights and liberties with the most trivial matters." \*

There were two bills before Parliament last session, the importance of which it is difficult to over-estimate,—the Juries Bill and the Public Prosecutors Bill. Both of these contemplate fundamental changes in the machinery of our criminal law, and no such fundamental change should be allowed to take place without the gravest *national* consideration and approval of the step. The distinguishing features of the machinery of English law are, trial by jury and the duty incumbent upon individuals to prosecute. The way in which juries and, particularly, special juries are chosen, is open to amendment; and in this respect the law is put on a more satisfactory basis by the proposed bill. Persons are to be chosen by rotation to serve on juries; the lists are to be made more complete, certain useless exemptions are to be discontinued, and the duty of serving on juries distributed more equitably over the population; all of which are reforms. Trial by jury is the most secure guarantee of personal liberty, and by putting the ultimate exercise of the law in the hands of the citizens of each locality, the people themselves are made the ultimate repositories and guardians of the power which belongs to them, while the exercise of the judicial function communicates to them habits which form the soundest preparation for free institutions. The bill, however, contemplates reducing the number of jurors from twelve to seven, in all civil and criminal cases, except treason, treason-felony, and murder. No necessity for such change exists, and the proposed innovation is dangerous and unwise. Any difficulties which occasionally arise in procuring juries might be obviated by other provisions. One advantage peculiar to jury-trial consists in the fact that by the employment of temporary and unpaid arbitrators, it is, in its very

\* Professor Newman.

nature, opposed to officialism and centralization, a matter the importance of which is increased by the actual tendency of the governing powers. The same considerations apply to the Public Prosecutors Bill; for although by that bill the right of any one to conduct a prosecution, which a public prosecutor does not prefer to conduct, is secured, and measures are proposed to ensure that public prosecutors do not neglect any case which they have taken up, yet the Bill makes a radical change in the law, inasmuch as it makes the prosecution of an offender no longer a duty incumbent on the citizens themselves. It ought never to be forgotten that the sense of individual responsibility for the carrying out of the laws, increases the people's respect for the laws, and their willingness to assist in their execution. The removal of this responsibility from individuals, and the transference of the duties of the individual citizen to state officials, is much to be deprecated, and we contend for the continuance of the system of private prosecution, not merely as a right of individuals, but as a duty, from which it is injurious to the well-being of the country that citizens should be exonerated.

The lightness with which, under the present system, the representatives of the people regard their most solemn duties, is aptly illustrated by the following statement, made some time since to his constituents by a Cabinet minister. He said:—

“Towards the end of the last session of Parliament, when, in the small hours of the morning, the reporters refused to put down any longer the half-sleepy words which many of those who were sitting up endeavoured to utter—during those small hours of the morning, it was my fortune to pass the Bill which abolished the Poor-law Board, and constituted in its place that which is now the Local Government Board.”

It appears incredible that such a description of the methods of the House should have been voluntarily offered; still more incredible that it should have been listened to with “applause.” “The abolition of a very important board is effected towards the end of the session, while the legislators present are half asleep, and endeavouring to utter words, but so incoherently that the reporters scorn to record them!” We are not censuring the minister in question. He simply availed himself of the weapons and methods already made to his hand, long before he entered office; and, incapable himself of thus introducing any measure which he did not regard as wise and useful, he probably forgot for the moment that the power thus to overleap the “barriers against hasty and fraudulent legislation erected by our ancestors,” should never be placed in the hands of any minister whatsoever; forgot the fearful facility with which such power might be abused by unconscientious officials biassed by any personal or party aim.

## III.

The minor but yet extremely important advantages which would gradually ensue upon such a reform as we have indicated, of that Executive at present so corrupt in conception and effect, will readily suggest themselves to every man who cares to think the matter out for himself. They are too many and various to be enumerated in these pages. We may, however, briefly allude to the closing up of that fertile source of laborious idleness,\* corruption and intrigue, Government patronage; and to the restoration to their rightful human dignity of the individual members of the Cabinet who, responsible henceforth to the nation and not to a man or a party, would no longer either deliberate in secret, or vote *en bloc*. Is it not indeed a thing pitiful, a spectacle to gods and men, that men with brains in their heads and hearts in their breasts should assemble at the seat of Government as at a tavern dinner, whereat, when he at the head of the table cries *hip!* all are bound to cry *hurrah!*—should, puppet-like, submit to be invested in the identical habits of compromise worn by their predecessors and handed down from one official to another, with the official desk and chair? Would it not raise the moral tone of the nation, if members of an Elected Cabinet, raised from party machines† to the status of men, were allowed—like the members of any other Executive Committee—to possess a conscience, and, while bowing to the decision of the majority, to vote in accordance with their convictions; aware that, the minutes of their proceedings being open to the inspection of the public, the nation would be enabled to estimate the value, and judge the conduct of its servants!

The importance which the present irresponsible servants of the people attach to the opinions of those whom they profess to represent, is amusingly exemplified by the following letter, written by a Government office-holder during the past year, and quoted in Mr. Tallack's work on "*Defects in the Criminal Administration and Penal Legislation*:"—"You do not over-estimate the pressure brought to bear upon us on every question; but I am surprised to see in the Home Secretary, and find in my own duties, how easy it is to bear it if you simply ignore and despise it."

It would be curious to compare the above with the same gentleman's professions to his constituents at election time. One cannot

\* England would no longer behold each First Lord of the Treasury in turn "sickering painfully amid a scene much filled with expensive, futile persons, and their extremely pitiful cabals and mutual rages: scene chiefly of pompous inanity, and the art of solemnly and with great labour doing nothing."

† "Read Hansard's Debates, or the morning papers, if you have nothing to do! The old grand question whether A is to be in office or B; with the innumerable subsidiary questions growing out of that; courting paragraphs and suffrages for the blessed solution of that."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

refrain from asking one's self the question how long the managing clerk of any department in a commercial firm would retain his situation, whose method it was *simply to ignore and despise the pressure* put upon him by the employers from whom he was in receipt of a large salary while managing their affairs; and it is beginning to be questionable how long the national firm will endure such service at the hands of its highly paid and pampered clerks.

Towards the close of last session it was our distinguished fate to dine at the same table with a member of the Permanent Staff. This gentleman's opinion having been asked upon one of the gravest political questions of the day, his reply was both significant and instructive. "My opinions," said he, with the careless ease of a mariner whose bark rides safely at anchor, "are those of the Cabinet, of course." "Is that always the case with the Permanent Staff?" inquired his hostess. "Well, yes, I think it is," replied the smiling cynic; "I'm a consistent Liberal *now*, you know, like your husband there; but when the Tories come in, I shall be a red-hot Tory. *You see the two things look so very much alike when a man is behind the scenes.*"

No doubt this permanent private among the chosen people held the presence of an obscure member of the outer-gentile press of slight account; and yet, considering the numerical superiority of the outer-gentiles, we cannot help thinking such upliftings of the sacred veil are indiscreet. The question will naturally force itself upon the obscure gentile mind, whether since, owing to some mysterious dispensation of Providence, there is a right and a wrong to every side, and things different thus look alike *behind the scenes*—it might not be quite as well if the business of the country were transacted upon the open, Parliamentary stage, in full view of the public; if there were, in fact, no Cabinet *scenes* for men to retire behind, to such unfortunate confusion of their moral vision.

Verily, "to a remote observer they seem oblivious of their duty."

#### IV.

Whenever we have at any time been moved to the expression of our own opinion as to the defects inherent in our English Political System, we have been surprised to find how general and, at the same time, how apathetic, was the consent expressed. Seldom, indeed, is the gravity or the extent of the evil denied; but we are almost always met by the despairing assertion that the difficulty of realizing a reform such as we contemplate is so gigantic, and the shock of change so tremendous, as to forbid any attempt at disturbing "the order of Society." But is the actual "order of Society" as precious, or even, if we look below the surface, as stable and complete as the opponents of change believe? To us it appears that premonitory

signs of social upheaval—whether for good or evil—are visible on every side. The condition of the working classes has, for long years, been one of chronic *dis-order*, and of growing dissatisfaction, extremely threatening to the body politic. “A straw shows which way the wind blows;” let us therefore consider the following flippant statement of a small portion of the case, and of its remedy, by the leading “advanced Liberal” organ of the metropolitan Press:—

“It is really becoming too bad. If every trade, profession, and occupation in the country comes forward with its strike, and threatens us with all manner of direful evils if we do not yield at once, there will soon be nothing for it but that the public as a whole should strike against strikes, and refuse to have any more of them. Each successive one seems to hit us harder than its predecessor.”—*Daily News*, September 16, 1872.

Unfortunately this is a very fair specimen of the manner in which those signs of the times which fill thinking men with sad gravity are viewed by those “advanced Liberals,” of whom this journal is the organ. The bewildered flunkeyism of the writer has prevented him from perceiving that “if every trade, profession, or occupation comes forward with its strike,” there will be only the public of *idlers* left, to “strike against strikes.” The public of this vapouring journalist is, in fact, the “idlers” for the sake of whose comfort in idleness he thus protests; idlers who, when indeed the industrious classes of the country rightly understand their own position and its duties, will have to yield “at once” to some such stern sentence as the following:—“In all ways it needs, especially in these times, to be proclaimed aloud, that for the idle man there is no place in this England of ours. . . . He that will not work according to his faculty, let him perish according to his necessity; there is no law juster than that.”

The “order of Society” has, moreover, been recently as much disturbed among the serfs of the soil as among the artizan class, and very grievous—nay, even ominous—does it appear to the student of history, to note the sentiment excited among our “advanced Liberal” journalist’s “public as a whole” by this movement among the agricultural classes. The sudden uprising of a new element of national progress; the apparition—so to speak—of a new “being, breathing thoughtful breath;” the very fashioning of whom by the hand of the Almighty from out our English clay we seem to have been privileged to witness—a spectacle at once so portentous, impressive, and affecting, that it might almost draw tears of thanksgiving from stones,—has drawn forth no word of sympathy or admiration from those “sent with clamour and effort to St. Stephen’s;” given rise to no proposal of guiding or protecting action on the part of the Government, whose glad mission—were it capable of any other than Party.

self-preservation—it should have been to direct the course of the mighty river which has burst forth from our soil, to fertilize or inundate our native land. We record it with sorrow and shame, that the same Government which has shown such sympathy with the physical needs of profligates as to pass four Acts of Parliament and introduce a fifth, within the space of eight years, for the protection of incontinent men, has not even thought it worth while to go through the formal farce of appointing a Royal Commission of *inquiry* into the sacred necessities of those toiling millions, who, having at length *found the soul for which they were seeking*, use it to remind us that they also are made in the image of God—are men.

## V.

For all these things we foresee but one remedy : the gradual abandonment of antiquated and rusty institutions, which—being out of harmony with the spirit of the age—are incapable of either stemming or directing the advance of the popular flood—and the gradual adoption of institutions in accordance with the tide of opinion which, from one end of Europe to the other, is flowing in the same current.

The extraordinary stability of monarchical institutions in England, as compared with Continental nations, has been solely due to that moral unity resulting from the popular reverence for the monarchical idea itself. So long as the thinking classes of a nation are few, the ideal seriously accepted and conscientiously carried out by them is certain to be accepted by the masses ; and until recently the conception of a Constitutional Monarchy, wherein a Sovereign who reigns but does not govern is nevertheless held necessary to the maintenance of an imaginary balance between antagonistic powers,—has been the political ideal of our governing classes ; conscientiously carried out by them, and contentedly accepted by the people ; who enjoyed under this form of government as much personal and political freedom as their limited aspirations demanded. Moreover, the political institutions of every country are, invariably and inevitably, the logical outcome of the religious faith held by the people at the period of their formation. Constitutional Monarchy, itself a compromise between two opposing political principles (despotism and democracy), is as truly the logical outcome of the Protestant compromise between two opposing religious Principles (the sovereignty of revealed authority, and the sovereignty of individual reason) as despotic monarchy was the logical outcome of the first of these.

But the thinkers of England are no longer few. The people, who formerly accepted their religious faith, as well as its political interpretation, at the hands of their superiors, now think for themselves—whether wisely or not is not here the question. The moral unity



of the people, resulting from the trust of the many in the guidance of the few, is therefore shaken; and so soon as that trust is withdrawn, that moral unity can only be restored by the apparition of an individual leader of men, or the voluntary association of free and equal citizens. Monarchy, whether despotic or constitutional, being founded upon the idea of inequality, can only be upheld by those class distinctions which are the offshoots of that idea; distinctions which are daily becoming more opposed to the spirit and tendency of the age. The spirit and tendency of the age are—blindly, it may be, in the masses, but consciously and avowedly in the leading minds of the day—advancing towards “a new conception of life.”

Various signs and portents of the approaching change were repeatedly pointed out in Continental journals, during the last forty years, by the most eminently religious as well as practically philosophic mind of our century, Joseph Mazzini; and again, very notably, little more than a year before his death, in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*,—

“The spread of materialism—the result of an exaggerated negation of the former faith; the aspiration, revealed on every side, after a new religion; the insane attempts at a reconciliation of the old and new—all these and other signs proclaim the coming of a new order of things, radically different from that which presided over the epoch now visibly exhausted and consumed. A new conception of life, and of the divine law by which life is governed, ferments beneath every manifestation of the two faculties of thought and action which constitute the human unity. Monarchy is as incapable of subduing as it is of governing and directing it. . . . The conception of life founded upon the terms *Fall and Expiation*, is about to be replaced by a new conception, founded upon the divine law of progress. . . . The institution which represented the former conception, and regulated the system it is important to destroy, is henceforth inefficient; and, incapable of directing the sudden, spontaneous advance, it becomes an obstacle in the way of the aim. No institution ever has represented, or can represent, two different principles. The monarchical principle is based upon the idea of inequality among the children of God on earth; the democratic principle is based upon the idea of the essential equality of all members of the human family. On the banner destined to lead us to the future is inscribed the word, *Progress*; on the banner of dynastic interest is inscribed the word, *Immobility*. In fact, over the whole of Europe, monarchy either follows the impulse given elsewhere, or struggles against it. It neither initiates nor directs.”

Constitutional Monarchy then, being, as we have said, a compromise between two different principles, is transitory in its very nature. It is “a concession involving its own condemnation; it labours to maintain a chimerical balance between two powers *de facto*” (the monarch and aristocracy) “and a third power *de jure*” (the People) “which advances with irresistible and ever-accelerated motion towards the future: it can only lead to a negation of progress, or to the necessity of periodical and violent revolution.”

It appears, at times, as if this terrible alternative, the necessity of



revolution, never presented itself to the mind of the English Government. Certain it is, that with eyes wilfully or ignorantly closed to the portents alluded to above, they have, in those measures wherein the initiative has been their own,\* boldly entered upon the policy described as a *negation of progress*; their theory and method being, as we stated at the beginning, summed up in coercion and repression; while the premonitory symptoms said to afflict those whom the gods intend to destroy are already alarmingly developed in certain members of the actual Cabinet.

## VI.

A glance over Europe reveals on every side the singular spectacle of monarchies fallen or tottering to their fall; those which remain erect being solely upheld in the struggle to prolong a doomed existence by the instinct of self-preservation among the privileged classes, who recognize in the fall of monarchy the prelude to their own. We behold these, either openly repressing the popular advance, or jesuitically yielding to its impulse in a given direction, just so far as to allow the advanced guard of Democracy to penetrate within the enclosed camp; in order, immediately afterwards, to close up their ranks behind the intruders, and either seduce or crush single-handed those whom they were unable to vanquish while supported by the main body of the army from which they are thus detached.

Progress, however, is still the Divine Law, "which was in the beginning." Governments cannot, any more than individuals, remain stationary. If less enlightened or less moral than the collective conscience of the nation, they are driven, by the force of things, to endeavour either to crush or to misdirect it. The fact, whether acknowledged or only dimly felt, that they are not at one with the pulses of the national heart, awakens within them a sense of aversion, if not of fear of every strong expression of popular sentiment, inevitably leading to an attempt to coerce, or a determination to resist public opinion, until it assumes an aspect sufficiently alarming to threaten the Citadel itself. That moment arrived, the attack is not met in front; the well-skilled leader *turns the position*, or evacuates the fort in time to allow the Parliamentary Opposition—which has previously adopted the time-worn but perpetually successful artifice of waving the popular flag and shouting the popular cry—to seize upon the abandoned place, and hold it until compelled, in their turn,

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the extension of the Suffrage, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Education Act, the Irish Land Act, &c., &c., measures in which the Government has yielded an inch to the popular demand for an ell, cannot fairly be regarded as introduced by them. We speak here of measures in which the Government has not followed, but endeavoured to lead public opinion.

to repeat the venerable tactics with the accustomed success—a success destined apparently to endure until some young Corsican arise to lead the on-pressing multitudes to overthrow the antiquated generals of the Past, in a manner “quite contrary to the established rules of war.” “To us, individually, this matter appears, and has for many years appeared, to be the most ominous of all practical matters whatever, a matter in regard to which, if something be not done, something will do itself one day, and in a fashion that will please nobody.”

## VII.

In the year 1744, Louis, surnamed *le Bien-aimé*, lay dangerously ill at Metz. Mr. Carlyle, quoting from President Hénault, informs us that, “at the news of this, Paris, all in terror, seemed a city taken by storm; the churches resounded with supplications and groans; the prayers of Priests and people were every moment interrupted by their sobs, and it was from an interest so dear and tender that the surname of *Bien-aimé* fashioned itself.” Yet, only nine years later, as we learn from the same source, “Lord Chesterfield, summing up all that he had seen and noted of this same France, wrote and sent off by post the following words, that have since become memorable:— ‘In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in History previous to great changes and Revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France.’”

SAMUEL BLACKSTONE.

## MARGARET AND ELIZABETH.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS,

AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

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CAPTAIN HECTOR BROWNE'S JOURNAL—(CONTINUED).

### PART VI.

I SAID to Joshua as he sat beside me in the cave,—

"Yes ; and I mean you must go, though it may be you have to leave me here dying."

He looked at me hard. I nodded to him, and said,—

"Yes, it must be so ; for her sake—for 'Lizbeth's sake."

"Mate," says Joshua, and he got up and seemed to swell like a bird that sees its cage door open, "don't look at me and speak to me like that—your talking so cuts me to the heart ; but it cannot turn me. Call me a beast—an ungrateful beast—curse me ; but I must go away in yon ship." I must—I must."

"You must," I said, "you must ;" and then my teeth knocked against each other, and such gnawing pain took hold of all my bones, I thought that death had come to settle the matter.

He saw the change, and was down beside me in an instant, trying to get some of the American's brandy down my throat.

My fright that I might become powerless or unconscious of what was going on before I was quite satisfied as to what Joshua meant to do made me struggle to speak.

"Promise me," I said. "Promise to go away without me if they won't have me aboard."

He hung his head, and gripped my hand tight.

"Mate," he said, "I must go away in yon ship."

"Promise me," I said.

"Friend-in-need, I must go away in yon ship."

"Promise me."

"I might have been with those savage devils now but for you ; but," and he gripped my hand tighter, "deliverer, I must go away in yon ship."

"Promise me," I said.

"We have lived here like two brothers, with no family but one another, and God for our father ; but"—and he gripped my hand harder—"brother, I *must* go away in yon ship."

"Promise me. Promise me !"

He let go my hand and gripped my two arms under the shoulders, and his eyes danced in water again.

"Mate," he said, "friend-in-need, deliverer, brother, I must go away in you ship."

"Promise me."

He raised my shaking form in his strong arm, he clenched his right hand and shook it, and shouted, as in agony and triumph,—

"Get thee behind me, Satan! If I go away in yon ship without this man, may I be—may I never see my wife's face again."

"Hold!" I said, putting all the strength of my body to my voice. "Joshua Vandereck, hear what I am, hear what wretch it is you would sacrifice yourself for—yourself and that blessed woman's happiness; hear my sins, and let them save you from this sin you would do. Let them save you, and then perhaps it may be not only the saving you—such a man as you are; and the giving *her* happiness—such a woman as she is; but it may be the doing this may take from them something of their vileness in God's eye. Hear me, Joshua Vandereck."

And I held him, for he tried to break away from me; I held him while I told him all.

I told him in words, true, and sharp, and bare, and he shrank from me; and by the time I had finished he was away from me, standing in the entrance of the cave.

I lay still, feeling as if the ground shook under my heart, feeling as if I had had a limb cut off, for that man's respect and liking had become to me as my flesh and bone. But yet, as I lay there feeling the chill of his disgust and horror, I had a sort of gladness through all, a triumph that I cannot describe, a comfort to think he could be saved from committing any great and generous folly for my sake.

It was well I had that comfort, for Joshua went away and I was alone. My senses went and came again, and went and came again, like sleeping and waking; but what dead, cold sleep, and what bitter, painful waking!

And always when I dropped off I felt I was dying, and always when I came to I felt I was alone.

It was then that the death of Friar came upon me cruel. My poor little beast, that had kept such life in the wilderness, such a cheery loving life, how would I do now to be left alone without him? No busy ugly hands to hold back the grass when I got water from the spring; no one to rate at when my fire would not burn, or to blink and chatter when the flames flamed high. And I had been glad to see a bullet in your warm heart, old chap; because your heart was a brute's and the bullet was a man's. But you had your revenge—though, of course being only a beast, you would not care for that—that's one of man's grand passions; but you had your revenge, my mate, as I lay there alone. Your little heart was still, and the cruel

bullet hurting mine. However many years you might have lived if you'd never seen me—however many years you might have frisked, and wrangled, and fought among your brothers of the forest—you would not have been mourned as I mourned you. But you will not know this, poor beast, in yon grave under the wonderful tree where I made your rough monument and engraved your name and services to an unworthy master. No; you know nothing of this, and it is little comfort to you—though it would be great shame to me if I could not say it; but it is little comfort to you when I say, after all these years, I remember you still—I mourn you still.

What I suffered as I lay there, having cut off Joshua from me; what I suffered at poor Friar's loss—at the thought of him lying in the sun stiff and cold—would, if I told it, bring upon me the contempt of men, though not, I think, the contempt of Him who made both Friar and me.

I had been alone for hours, and was stretching out my hand to feel for the water in the cocoanut shell that Joshua had placed beside me, when I felt the rough edge touching my lips, while my hand was still to the ground.

I drank and lay back, saying nothing.

"The boat's coming," said Joshua, quietly; "won't you sit up and look alive a bit and cheat the doctor?"

I tried, at his bidding, but fell back against his arm.

"It's no good," I said; "the only ship to release me will be the one that had poor Garland in chase on his way here."

Joshua answered in a low voice, and held out his hand,—

"If it should be so," said he, "here is a mate who will never leave you till you're aboard and under way."

"Joshua," says I.

"Friend-in-need," says he.

But by then I could not say what I had wished, and I was still.

"Come," says he presently, in a voice that seemed to me commanding as a captain's, tender as a woman's, "try and rouse your heart and that will rouse your body; look bright, and let us cheat the doctor. Hark! I hear the splash of their oars. Let us get home, you and me together, and all will be well. I tell you you sin again in lying here putting your finger on this sin or that, and saying to yourself, 'God's mercy endeth here or endeth there.' Think how much more of His book, this world, so wide and wonderful, you have read than most of your fellows, and ask yourself if you, of all men, should dare to doubt the vastness of His mercy and power."

Joshua talked to me in this way till we heard a shouting, and he cried,—

"They are come!" and ran out.

I tried, as he said. Oh how hard I tried to sit up and look so as to cheat the doctor, and in the trying I fainted.

When I came to know anything again I knew that I was not lying on hard ground, and that Joshua and some gentleman stood beside me. I looked past them and saw what now remains to my memory as one of the most beautiful sights of my life.

It was a little, trim cabin window.

Joshua says I pointed at it with my bony finger and blubbered like a child. I don't remember anything of that myself. I don't remember anything of that voyage but comfort and kindness—kindness from all the crew of that American ship, and kindness from all the crew of the English homeward bound that they put us in at ——. I remember all that well enough; and my great pleasure, as I lay looking at Josh by the hour and thinking of his meeting with Elizabeth.

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#### PART VII.

It was on a fine bright March morning, that one Joshua Vandereek and myself, present captain of the *Rosabella*, homeward bound, made our way into a little village on the —shire coast, called East-weir.

It was Sunday morning; we stood outside the little Methodist chapel waiting till the service should be over. They were singing. Joshua leaned his back against one side of the porch, waving his great hand gently to the music. He had a large pilot-coat on, though the sun was hot, and the collar was high about his chin and his hat low on his forehead. I saw him wet his lips often. I saw him put his hand suddenly to his throat. I saw his eyes darken and swim as with a great fear, a shadow of some misery he had fancied. But as suddenly they would become gentle and mild again, and his hands drop gently into his pockets, and he would smile and say to himself, in that old way of his speaking half aloud,—

"True as gold! True as gold! I know it. I see it. True as gold! True as gold!"

We were shabby-looking fellows. The Americans had given us some clothes, but we had worked hard in them aboard the English ship, and we looked but sorry tramps that Sunday morning of March 21, 18—. Josh, he was the best of the two; for, unbeknown to himself, I had made one or two little exchanges between us, considering that he would be known here and was a sort of a hero, to be looked at and made much of; whereas it would be but a slinking in and a slinking out again for me, the less I was seen or known the better.

They were singing in the chapel. He, Joshua, leaned his arm against the porch and his head on his arm, and, bending forwards,

listened, with his eyes seeming to devour the sounds. They were bright, his eyes were, and his face was paler than I ever saw it in all our dangers. He gave a smile and shook his head as I looked at him.

"Friend-in-need," says he to me, "I could not whistle 'Caller Herring' now. I have found my hearing since I went away. I never knew the sweetness of this music in those old days."

The singing stopped, there was a rustling, a coming nigh of many feet, faces in the doorway. Joshua's feelings at the moment were almost more than he could overcome. He could not stand where he was; he could not turn away; he crept further in the porch, and sank down on the seat. I stood near him on the other side. I was sorely ashamed of us both before the tidy, trim chapel people.

Joshua was bent nearly double over his stick, but his face was turned to the door; his eyes were sharper and more eager than when he used to look across that sunny, sailless sea. Watching him, I forgot where I was and everything but that chapel doorway and Joshua's eyes watching it.

I should think some six or seven people had passed out, some giving us a pitiful look and feeling in their pockets, but thinking better of it and passing on. Well, I should think as many as seven had gone out past us when I saw Joshua's fingers tightening over his stick, and his eyes get bigger.

I looked and saw two forms coming out at the door. One was Elizabeth Vandereck, hearty as ever, sound as an apple, blooming as a rose, calm-looking and holy like those figures in the shrines I have seen abroad. The other who came out side by side with her was a young chap with a white necktie—a minister, I saw. He was very young—little more than a lad, with a face that scarce seemed long for this world; delicate as a sickly girl's. He had two large books in his hands, and as they came out of the door into the porch, Elizabeth suddenly turned and took them from him, looking at him with a deep kindness which I thought motherly, but which sent Joshua's face white as the chapel wall.

The young minister chap raised his eyes to her face. Ah, poor Josh! there was no mistake as to the look of *those* eyes. He tried to keep the books, but she gently persisted, saying,—

"I am strong, you know, brother Michael."

"'God is strong,' says the minister chap, 'and He makes His chosen nearest after His own image.' Truly, He hath made thee so, Elizabeth."

She gave a quick glance, that was both sad and full of sweet kindness and reverence, into his white face, and said,—

"Not with the best sort o' strength, like yours, Michael."

And merely as if feeling the truth of what she said—merely in acknowledgment of the young man's more Godly strength—she



slightly leaned upon him and towards him, passing Joshua, the bent and ragged sailor on the seat.

Joshua dropped his stick. It was a heavy, knotted old thing he had brought with him, from the islands, and its falling made a noise on the chapel door-stone.

The minister and Elizabeth stopped and looked back.

Joshua took up the stick with trembling hands, and bent over it again.

Elizabeth took her hand from the young man's arm and came back with her light, firm step. She stood close to Joshua, looking down upon him.

He sat bent and huddled together. I watched them both, hardly drawing my breath.

She took a penny from her pocket and held it to him. He sat still, not seeing it; his eyes were only on her feet and dress.

Thinking from his attitude he was suffering from some infirmity, Elizabeth, with her old carelessness of what she did, stooped till her knee was near the ground, to accommodate her gift to him.

It was a lovely and new picture, such as one could not easily forget—Charity kneeling to Poverty, instead of Poverty to Charity.

Some more people came out of the chapel, and Elizabeth, her gift still unheeded, rose and let them pass.

Then she laid the penny on the fingers of Joshua as they were clasped over his staff-handle, saying, with a sweet sorrow in her voice,—

"From a sailor's widow, friend."

She left him then, and he lifted up his face and watched her go—watched her join the minister chap again and go in at the field gate with him.

When she had passed out of sight he bent himself down again so that I could not see his face.

They all went out of the chapel, and left it locked up with us two sitting there alone. I had kept my face from being seen in the same way that Joshua had, and they only took us for two poor worn-out tramps, it would not be worth interfering with and might cost them a copper if they did.

When the field gate had stopped creaking, and all had been quiet for some time, poor Josh began a heavy, violent beating with his foot on the chapel door-stone. Suddenly remembering 'Lizebth's gift, he opened his hand and looked at it.

"From a sailor's widow," says he, and gives a laugh that brings the water to his eyes. And he sits and stares at the penny I don't know how many minutes.

"Come, Josh, old chap," says I, "let me go and break the truth to her. You will be startling her to death if you don't mind. This is no light thing, you know. You must be careful."

"Yes, I must be careful," says Josh, drawing a long breath. "I

see—I see. I must be careful. It's no light thing to her, my coming back."

Then he was quiet a long time.

"Friend-in-need, nearly five years is a long time," says he, with a grave, dreary look in his eyes.

"Yes," I says to him, "it's a long time. She will be startled; there's no doubt of that."

"No, there's no doubt of that," says he; "she will be startled. Five years! And all that time she has thought of me—what? A heap of bones at the bottom of the sea. She will be startled. Yes; there's no doubt of that. And you lad—has she known him long, I wonder?"

There was patience but great agony in his voice as he said this.

"Poor wisp of a chap!" I says; "she's tender to him because of his weakness."

"I see—I see!" says Josh. "But, friend-in-need—"

"Ay," I answer; and Josh says, in a sinking voice,—

"She always took most to that kind, 'Liz did. She always took most to the die-away, heavenly sort."

I looked at Josh himself and hardly believed that, and so I told him; but he only shrugged his broad shoulders and fell into the dumps again.

"Do you suppose she'd forget you for *that* kind of chap?" said I.

"What had she to forget?" says Joshua excitedly; "remember that, friend-in-need: what had she to forget? A heap of bones—a handful of sand. My God! Let me be gentle with her. What had she to forget? Let me remember that!"

"Come," I said, getting up; "I shall go and break it to her."

"Stay!" he said; "be very careful, friend-in-need—be very careful. Remember, as you say, it is no light thing for her, this coming back of mine. Would it not be as well to find out some way first how——"

"How what?"

"How she stands with regard to this—this lad? But no," suddenly pushing me from him; "go straight to her. Do I not know her? Do I not know what she was, and is, and always will be? True as gold! True as gold! Go, go, old friend-in-need; these hours age me more than years out yonder. Go, put an end to this and let me come to her."

I went, leaving him bending over 'Lizbeth's penny as it lay in his palm as if it were some rare coin of wondrous value.

(To be continued.)

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